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BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF BOMBAY AND TO

MIDNIGHT

MARCHES THROUGH PERSIA.

BY

HENRY BALLANTINE, A. M.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

HON. J. H. SEELYE, D.D.,

PRESIDENT OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

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Maps and Illustrations.

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BOSTON:
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.
NEW YORK:
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM.
1879.

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ALBERT J. WRIGHT, PRINTER, 79 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

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H. H.

Bombay, 1877.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

ACCURATE information respecting the interior of Persia is not easily gained. The Persians themselves do not publish it, and the difficulties and dangers incurred by a foreigner traveling there, are so many and so great, that few of these are found who can tell us of the present condition of a country and people, whose history forms so conspicuous and so important a portion of the earlier annals of our race. Mr. Ballantine's remarkable journey, of which he has here given so graphic, and — as from my long acquaintance with him, I am able confidently to affirm — so truthful an account, furnished him rare opportunities for observation, which he had also a rare ability to improve. Born in India of American parents, familiar with Oriental life, and facile in the use of several Oriental tongues, endowed with a quick eye, a comprehensive judgment, and possessed of indomitable energy, hardihood, and courage, he was as well fitted to explore, as his narrative shows him to be competent to describe, the strange regions through which he passed. Though

his journey was undertaken at the instance of an enterprising commercial house, and had for its immediate end a commercial report, his eyes were open to other relations than those of trade, and other readers than merchants, will be interested and instructed by his pictures of the country, and his representations of the habits and life of the Persian people.

J. H. SEELYE.

AMHERST COLLEGE, Aug. 16, 1877.

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MIDNIGHT MARCHES THROUGH PERSIA.

CHAPTER I.

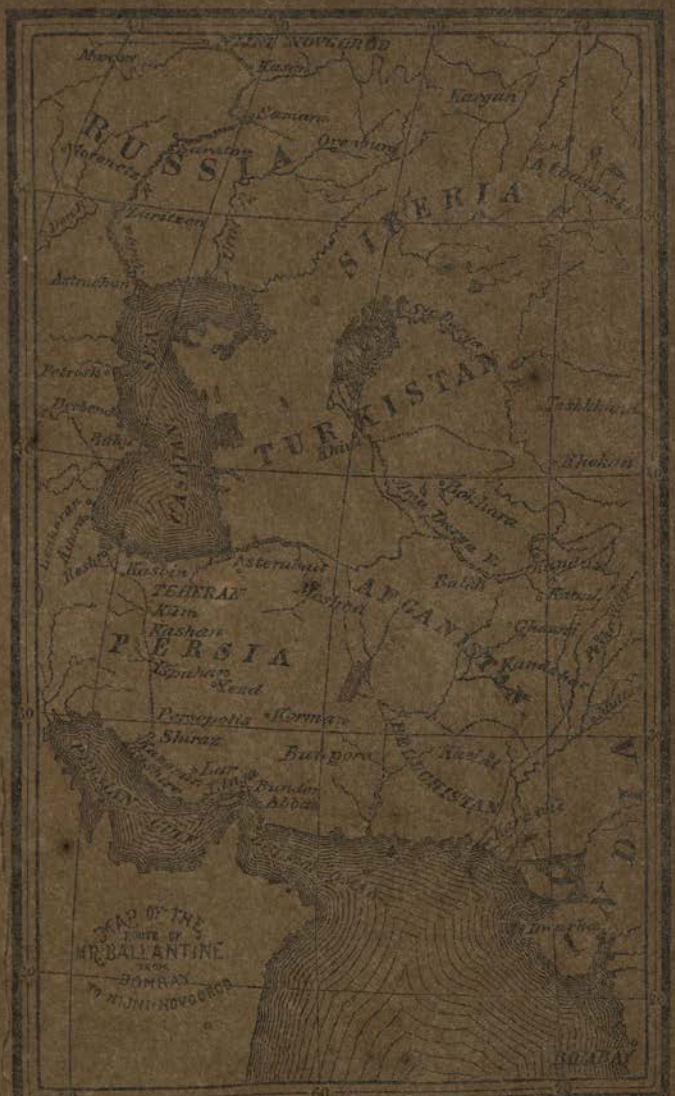
OUTLINE OF ROUTE. — BOMBAY TO KURRACHI. — INCIDENTS OF VOYAGE. — LANDING AT KURRACHI. — ARRIVAL AT MUSCAT.

I PROPOSE giving an account of a trip I made from Bombay to New York, particularly that portion of it which relates to Persia, compiled from notes jotted down while journeying by mule-back, and resting in caravansaries.

Nothing scientific, archæological, or historical will be attempted in these lines. That has already been done for Persia by others. On the contrary, my narrative will be one of unvarnished facts, and every-day experiences, which, to the general reader, will carry with it the force of reality; while, to any adventurous enough to attempt such an out of the way journey, it will be a sort of guide, affording

them more or less assistance, such as I in vain sought to secure before starting, and the knowledge of which would have saved me time and trouble.

I left India on the 7th of May, 1875, and proceeded across to Southern Arabia, thence up the Persian Gulf, through the heart of Persia, along the entire length of the Caspian Sea, and up the Volga River, through Russia, skirted Finland, went across to Sweden and England, and finally reached New York on the 25th of October, after five and a half months of constant travel, thus accomplishing a distance of ten thousand miles, in round numbers. The reader, by referring to the skeleton map which faces this page, will take in at a glance a portion of the general course followed, and, also, will observe the difference between this and the regular route, as described below, taken by passengers and the mails from India to England and America. For in these days of rapid transit, it is an event of almost daily occurrence for a passenger to proceed up the Red Sea, past Suez, and thence via Brindisi (Italy) and Paris, reaching London in nineteen days, and New York in twenty-nine days, from Bombay. Instead, then, of taking this *direct* route home, to accomplish which would



RUSSIA
SIBERIA
TURKISTAN
PERSIA
AFGANISTAN
TEHERAN
Kasbin
Kum
Kashan
Ispahan
Yezd
Persepolis
Kerman
Shiraz
Bunpore
Bunder Abbas
Kargan
Samara
Orenburg
Zaritzen
Astrachan
Petrosk
Derbent
Baku
Tashkhand
Khokan
Bokhara
Asterabad
Meshed
Balkh
Kandahar
Kaz'at
Dracha
BOMBAY
MAP OF THE ROUTE OF MR. BALLANTINE FROM BOMBAY TO NIJNI-NOVGOROD

have been an easy journey, I was asked by the house of Messrs. Lauman and Kemp, of New York, whom I had been representing in the East, to alter my plans and arrange to return via Persia, with a view to compiling a commercial report of the land of the Shah.

Accordingly, I engaged my passage on the steamer "Bushire" of the British India Steam Navigation Company who, under contract with the Indian Government, run weekly steamers, carrying the mails between Bombay and the different ports in the Persian Gulf.

My ticket, which entitled me to a first-class passage from Bombay to Bushire, cost two hundred and forty rupees, equivalent to twenty-four pounds sterling* when exchange is at par. I also paid forty rupees (£4) as passage-money for my servant, Gopal, a young man, native of India, who had already served me faithfully for a number of years, and whom I took along to do my cooking for me while in Persia.

After much deliberation I yielded, with many misgivings, to the wishes of my wife, and consented to have her and my child — a boy of only three years — accompany me on a trip that to others besides myself seemed adventurous, if not hazardous. I have been blamed by some

* A pound sterling is usually reckoned as $5.00.

for thus "tempting Providence" and wantonly exposing a lady and little child; but whatever may be my convictions at this later day, I certainly could not then foresee our long night-marches by caravan; neither could I form an adequate conception of some of the worst difficulties we should have to encounter in such a lawless, God-forsaken and man-forsaken country as Persia is to-day. Added to this, I did not realize what it was to pass through Persia at the very worst time of the year; viz., the hot season, when sun and epidemic stalk abroad, sowing widecast disease and death.

I vividly recall the Friday evening when we steamed away from Bombay (Mûmbai, as the Hindoo calls his city) and out of its picturesque harbor. The sun was just setting beneath a threatening horizon, tinting red the walls and minarets of this eastern metropolis, while deepening with a lurid light the shadows of the adjacent palm-covered islands. A few friends — European and native — had been on board and bidden us good-by, and soon after passing the outer light-ship the pilot also said farewell. Thus our last link with the shore being severed, we naturally began familiarizing ourselves with our surroundings. We found there were half a dozen other first-class passengers, all Euro-

peans, military and civil officers, bound only as far as Kurrachi. Besides, there were a number of deck passengers, mostly Mussulmans, a few Hindoos and Parsees, and some Persians; the latter evidently returning to their country. That night we were decidedly rocked, but not to sleep. The monsoon had burst upon us, which breaks forth with similar regularity and violence to our own equinoctial gales on the Atlantic, though with much longer continuance along the Malabar coast. At midnight, my child, frightened out of his sleep, came running to me, and awoke me, crying, "I don't feel better, give me peppermint"; only another way of saying that he was sea-sick, and, from his limited knowledge of materia medica, concluded that peppermint was the antidote he required. My native servant fell into a wretched state of mind and body; since it being his first experience at sea, the rough-and-tumble motion of the vessel, mixed with the acute sensations of sea-sickness, carried him beyond the reach of comfort or consolation. He sank into a state of despair, made up his mind that the days allotted him on earth were now immutably numbered, and that there was now no longer any help or hope for him. We were four days in reaching Kurrachi, a distance often accomplished in three; the

passage throughout was very rough and uncomfortable, notwithstanding none of us stayed below, not even at night, but ate and slept (our chief employments) on deck under an awning spread over the poop of the vessel, as the fresh air outside, despite wind and rain, afforded a great relief from the stifling cabins and nauseating odors of the saloon and pantries beneath us. I remember that one of the attractions on board was an African boy, a bright, active little imp, full of mischief,—for all the world an incontrovertible Darwinian representative of one of the long-tailed tribes from the wilds of his country. His mother was the slave of a lady, evidently of rank, who seemed very comfortably located for the voyage, on a soft Persian rug, spread down amidships for her by her slave, and whose diet consisted principally of watermelons and cucumbers. On incident that happened on the first day o deserves to be mentioned. Most of the pa sengers were flat on their backs, sick; t wives of a colonel and a major were lying one of the two large raised skylights whi communicated with the saloon below, while wife and child were lying on the other skylig facing aft. I was standing near my boy, ta ing with the captain of our steamer, when

jumped a Persian from the lower decks in front, where the native passengers were quartered,—a tall, well-built fellow,—and brushed past the captain in the most nonchalant manner, made as if he was going further aft towards some of the first-class passengers there, whose servant we took him to be, when suddenly he turned, stooped over, imprinted a kiss on the cheek of my wife, and, as quietly and indifferently, withdrew to his place. The whole scene was over in a moment, and was enacted in such a bold, off-hand way that the captain and I looked at each other in abrupt silence and then at my wife in a sort of helpless amazement. What the man meant was as unintelligible as his actions had been rapid. Two compatriots, evidently companions of the fellow, declared him to be partially deranged, and that they were then taking him from the Colaba Lunatic Asylum, his place of confinement for the past two years, to his home near Shiraz. Probably this was the truth, as it afforded the only satisfactory explanation for the man's conduct.

However, to put a stop to further uncalled for attentions from this too-familiarly disposed Persian, the captain gave immediate orders to the chief officer to have the man put in irons and confined by a rope to the foremast, a course

of treatment, which the fellow resented by threatening the officer's life. The man's companions, however, approved of the severe measures taken with their charge, from fear lest he should jump overboard or attempt something desperate. We were gladdened Monday night by the sight of the Kurrachi light, marking the entrance to its harbor, located on a commanding rocky bluff, the only high land in the midst of a low, sandy plain. We soon cast anchor and waited for the morning, when, with the aid of the pilot, we steamed up as near to the bunder, or wharf, as the muddy, shelving beach would admit.

Like Bombay and Calcutta, and so many other places in the East, Kurrachi has not the enterprise for building a pier or jetty of any dimensions out into deep water, alongside of which vessels of size can be moored. Though this would facilitate the discharging of cargo and taking in of other freight, no one as yet has stepped forward, except with suggestion, and a few insignificant, ridiculous attempts to carry into execution a *general* scheme where ships and steamers could load and unload direct and not by the slow, antiquated method of lighters and clumsy barges. We engaged native craft and were rowed up to a wood

jetty, which we ascended by a flight of steps. Here we secured a carriage, and a good one, from amongst a number which are to be found ready and on the lookout for custom on the arrival of every steamer. A drive of five miles along a fine macadamized road, built right out of the swamps (a work of great credit), and past a few good buildings, brought us to the Travelers' Bungalow, an Indian institution altogether, belonging to government and intended as a sort of apology for a hotel. In other words, the bungalow is a plain, ordinary house, containing still more plain and ordinary furniture for the barest wants of man, and placed in charge of a native attendant, who may chance to know or not to know how to cook.

In the latter contingency, the traveler who seeks the shelter of such a bungalow, and all are permitted to do so for a small fee, is apt to fare badly. With all its deficiencies, however, it must be confessed that the travelers' bungalow is a very convenient asylum for those knocking about India, and off the great thoroughfares. In such an institution as just described we engaged our quarters, and found the change from the steamer exceedingly pleasant. The city proper was close by, with its mud walls, narrow streets, and compact houses

wedged into each other, disfiguring a low, barren plain of sand, but without objects of note or interest. It is a city of some 75,000 inhabitants, and quite important commercially. It is shortly to be connected, by railway, with Lahore and the rest of India, which will add to it, commercially and politically. At noon, the heat became intense, obliging us to stay indoors, and endeavor to keep cool; at the same time we wrote farewell letters to our Indian friends, not knowing when we might have another opportunity. That afternoon we dined with Lieut. Col. H—— and his lady, who had come off the steamer with us, and whom we had found very agreeable fellow-passengers. Our limited time, however, obliged us to hasten away from the pleasant table of these kind friends, with half the courses untasted, just in time to mount the side of our steamer as she started from her moorings. We found ourselves the only saloon-passengers on board, save one Irish merchant on his way to Muscat. A sail of two and a half days, this time over a quiet, pleasant sea, with nothing to break the monotony of the voyage, brought us within sight, at daybreak, of the mountain range which skirts the southern coast of Arabia and terminates in Ras-el-Hadd, its farthest eastern point, and visible many miles

out at sea. This range towers up black and desolate, forming a background to Muscat, — a city composed of a most odd collection of buildings perched upon sunburnt rocks, and along beetling cliffs, down to the very water's edge, surrounded with fortresses, overhanging a little

MUSCAT.

basin of a harbor of the deepest and clearest water, alive with shoals of fish. The harbor, perhaps the Cryptus Portus (hidden harbor) of the ancients, is so small, and the city so intercepted from view by bowlders and cliffs, which the buildings not a little resemble, that we were well up inshore before we spied this Arabian city, and the way leading to it. The noise con-

sequent on the casting of the anchor, and the firing of our signal-gun, resounded with such alarming vividness, from our proximity to the rocky shore, as to suggest the possibility of the Sultan's rickety forts overhead giving away and swamping us.

A MUSCAT MERCHANT.

The eye searched in vain for some vestige of green to relieve the scorched, barren outlook. A spot more unique in appearance could not be found, while a more undesirable place of residence could hardly be imagined.

CASPIAN SEA
Kuda
Mujil
Palocion
Mujra
Sefar Khojah
Sangerabad
Demavend
Vada Kuda
TEHERAN
Kinaragerd
Kum
Pasangar
Kashan
Kohrud
Soh
Murchakhor
Gez
ISPAHAN
Mayar
Kumeshah
Ahminabad
Vezedecaust
Shulgistan
Abadeh
Sormeh
Khoneh
Murghab
Persepolis
Simind
Zargan
Kinnerch
SHIRAZ
Khan-i-zemen
Dasht-arjin
Kazerun
Komartakhtoh
Dalaki
Bernadi
Ahmedi
BUSHIRE
MAP OF THE ROUTE OF MR. BALLANTINE FROM BUSHIRE to RESHT

CHAPTER II.

DESCRIPTION OF MUSCAT. — THE SULTAN. — EUROPEANS. — CLIMATE. — WATER SUPPLY. — CURRENT COIN. — COMMERCE. — HOSPITALITY OF BRITISH RESIDENT AND SURGEON. — SLAVERY. — DEPARTURE FROM MUSCAT. — ORMUZ. — ARRIVAL AT BUNDER ABBAS. — ITS LOCATION. — EXPORTS. — IMPORTS. — ROUTE TO KIRMAN AND YEZD.

THE city of Muscat, with its suburbs, the largest called Multra, numbers 18,000 inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans, engaged chiefly in trade, and is the capital of southern Arabia. It is quite destitute of fine buildings, while the largest and best located of those there are the Sultan's palace and the British Residency. Among the buildings are mixed up many ruins, showing great age and the want of enterprise. I noticed, while strolling about, a massive wooden gateway, belonging to the custom-house, bearing the date "Anno 1624," evidently the work of the Portuguese, when they held sway here. Not far off, I was shown the Portuguese governor's palace, and the church adjoining it, now going to ruin. The city has no

streets, in our sense of the term, but simply dark, narrow passage-ways, largely covered over to keep out the burning sun. No wheeled conveyance rattles by, and the people, especially the women, pass to and fro, as so many ghosts or mummies, in their long enveloping robes. The sanitary measures are not good, as is evident from the unsavory odors with which you are greeted at every turn, arising from garbage, decomposed rats, and unutilized fish. These last are procured from the sea all around, where they seem to flourish in extraordinary numbers. One can look down from the British Residency windows into the sea below, and notice the fish swimming about in immense shoals. Owing to this abundance, and to the facility with which they are caught, the diet of the people consists principally of fish; even the cattle take to it in the absence of vegetation. The animal most in requisition here, and certainly most useful, is the humble, much-abused ass. It carries all the burdens, and does all the work by day, and improves the hours of the night as scavenger, in clearing the streets of their impurities, while seeking "to keep soul and body together," and thus is no burden or expense to its master. In spite of such abusive treatment, however, the donkeys here, many of them, are large and of

excellent breed, and, where properly cared for, as in the case of those owned by men of means and position, they are highly esteemed, being regarded more valuable than the far-famed Arab horse; in fact, they are considered an appendage of wealth!

At the head of this Arab city and province stands Syud Toorker, Sultan, a Mohammedan, advanced in years, and possessing some enlightenment and considerable power. He is half-brother of the Zanzibar prince, who visited England in the summer of 1875, and holds sway over this south-eastern portion of Arabia, and certain islands in the Persian Gulf. His power is further recognized outside of his own domains, among the neighboring Arab sheiks; and on this account he is considered an important prince. He possesses a small standing army, largely composed of Africans; also, a dozen ships of war. He utilizes some of these ships, by turning them to mercantile purposes when not otherwise required, and trades with India, Mauritius, and even as far as China. He is an ally of Great Britain, and at his court reside two British officers, representatives of Her Majesty's Government. These, with an Irish merchant, form the total of the European community here. How it is possible for them to

live any length of time in such a forsaken spot is certainly wonderful; for aside from social disadvantages, the climate during June, July, and August is that of a fiery furnace. The heat of the sun, further increased by radiation, becomes so intense as to make existence simply misery. An ordinary thermometer bursts in such a temperature, and those graded high enough have placed solar radiation at the astonishing maximum of 189° Fahr., being within 23° of boiling-water temperature. At the same time, the highest point reached in the shade was 105° Fahr. In the cold weather, extending from October to March, the mercury has given a minimum of 53° Fahr. In this connection, I would state that the thermometer is hardly a fair index of Muscat heat; for during the summer season, when there is a predominance of N. N. W. winds, called by the Arabs shirmal, it is impossible to register by the mercury the oppressive, stifling sensations the system undergoes as the direct effect of these winds. This shirmal sweeps over and across the heated sands of Arabia like blasts from a furnace, rendering the heat at midnight as overpowering as that at noonday, which being thus prolonged, relaxes the system into a state of complete prostration. The rainfall per annum averages only three and one-half inches,

and the whole of that comes down within the space of twenty days. In spite of this scant supply, the people have no difficulty in getting sufficient fresh water to drink from wells (many kept under lock and key), dug down a little below the surface of the ground, a mile or so back towards the interior. Besides these wells, there is an aqueduct, built of masonry by the Sultan, — be it said to his credit, — bringing water for some distance from the interior right into and through the city, — a great boon to the inhabitants, and to the shipping in the harbor as well. The climate, on the whole, is not altogether unhealthy, there being quite an immunity from severe epidemics, like cholera, small-pox, &c. The common ailments of the people are fevers in the cooler months, and ophthalmia in the hot season. The coin current here is the large silver dollar, "Maria Theresa," nearly equivalent to an American dollar; also, the rupees and annas of India. The bazars are supplied with vegetables and fruit, brought on backs of camels, mules, and donkeys from gardens situated a dozen or more miles in the interior, where the ground is more fertile than that about the city, which bears not a vestige of green. The imports, on which there is a general duty of five per cent., are principally Indian rice,

Mauritius sugar, and Manchester cotton goods. The exports are mother-of-pearl, dried fruits, nuts, and dates. These last are shipped in large quantities to England and America, the largest portion, some thirty thousand frails, of two hundred pounds each, being sent to New York, forming the American supply of that fruit.

A sweetmeat called halwa, made of wheaten starch, sugar, butter, and almonds or pistachio nuts, is largely manufactured into a sort of glutinous paste, and, put up in earthen saucers, sent all over the East. It is regarded as a delicacy by the Orientals.

The inhabitants of Muscat are largely a trading community. The wealthiest and most successful of the merchants are Khojas from India. The harbor, though small, is well protected from wind and wave, and is a very convenient one, due to the proximity with which the largest vessels can approach the shore. It could accommodate much more shipping than it holds at present, were there a little more enterprise manifested by the Sultan and his officials in facilitating communications with the interior, by improving the roads, or rather caravan tracks, and dispersing the Bedouins who infest the different routes. Any such display, however, or foresight and energy is quite incompatible

with the apathetic nature of Mohammedan princes and their subordinate drones. As soon as the steamer was made fast to her moorings and the Sultan's health officer had been on board, we were rowed ashore and were hospitably entertained by the British resident and the civil surgeon. Here we experienced what invariably occurs in out-of-the-way places when Europeans meet together, though perfect strangers, and without introductions: throwing aside all the paraphernalia of etiquette, the product of our so-called civilization, we had a thoroughly social time. It would pay every community burdened with stiff-necked, ceremonious croakers to march them off on a caravan trip through Arabia or Persia. The cure would be instantaneous and permanent. From both of our hosts I gained considerable information about the country, its products, its trade, &c. The surgeon kindly showed me about the city; every other man we met seemed to be armed with pistols, daggers, swords, and nameless other weapons, giving an air of insecurity to the streets and murderous propensities to the inhabitants. I took a look in the large court surrounding the Sultan's palace, where the chief object of interest was the prince's stud of fine Arab horses, evidently with nothing to do but

to eat and grow fat. This court, with the Sultan's palace in the centre and the harem on one side, was graced at the entrance with a huge, shaggy African lion, which, as he paced his narrow quarters, seemed to lend additional effect to the guard, composed of fellow-coun-

SULTAN'S COUNTRY QUARTERS, A FEW MILES INLAND FROM MUSCAT.

trymen, heavily armed, and posted at the gate to honor and protect His Majesty the Sultan. The fact that the body-guard and attendants are composed of negroes indicates a degree of confidence in the African which cannot be placed by the Sultan in his own subjects. Indeed, such confidence in the negroes every-

where out here is proverbial, for, though nominally in bondage no longer, thanks to the British Power, they still continue in the service to which their fathers were enslaved, being, like them, true to every trust, and thus tested through more than one generation to discharge with fidelity and credit the responsibilities belonging to every grade of appointment. The slave trade flourished vigorously once at Muscat, and, though now abolished, yet the slaves brought over from Zanzibar and Abyssinia, and their descendants, are still retained in the families of the wealthy and influential as domestics, being treated with care and kindness. It is curious how largely the Mohammedan nations indulged, before the interposition of England, in this nefarious traffic in human flesh, and in that connection so hardened themselves (a suggestive comment on this trade) as to sink to practices most cruel and barbarities most revolting, direct violations of what their revered prophet generations ago enjoined, when he solemnly and in unequivocal language uttered this anathema: "Whoever shall separate a mother from her child in disposing of slaves, God will separate him from his friends at the day of judgment."

After several hours of pleasant and profita-

ble intercourse, we bade our kind hosts adieu, and were rowed off to our steamer just as the report was being circulated through the bazars and streets that the Bedouins, armed to the teeth, were coming in force down from the interior to sack and burn the town in revenge for grievances, real or imaginary, which they had received at the hands of the Sultan! Our steamer was soon under headway, and, leaving Muscat behind, we sailed across the Gulf of Oman, of Lalla Rookh fame, passed hundreds of large jelly-fish (*Medusa pellucens*), luminous at night, the same that Tom Moore describes as lighting up the tomb of Hinda, sleeping among the Pearl Islands, and, on the morning of the second day out from Muscat, anchored in the quiet bay of Bunder Abbas, fully a mile from the shore. To the right of us lay the island of Ormuz, or Hormuz, known from olden times, cut up into a perfect sea of conical, barren hills, composed extensively of salt, crystallized sulphur, and iron pyrites. On the end nearest us were the ruins of what appeared to be a city, and a large factory, with a tapering chimney, intact, three centuries old, belonging to the Portuguese, and testifying to the energy and adventurous spirit of that old maritime nation. In front of us, on the low, shelving beach, was

spread out the so-called city of Bunder Abbas, an unsightly collection of mud hovels, built on a hot sandy plain, flanked by a few date groves and backed by the mountains Ginoh and Shibmil, the one seven thousand and the other ten thousand feet high, and often covered with snow. This is an important port, being the outlet to the productions of the fertile districts of Kirman and Yezd, the former twenty days' march and the latter forty days' march by caravan, equal to a distance of four hundred and eight hundred miles, directly back in the interior. The caravans are composed of mules and camels, carrying burdens weighing from three to five hundred weight each, at an expense of from one to three pounds sterling for trips to Kirman and Yezd respectively. The charvadars (muleteers) attending the caravans go heavily armed, as they are constantly exposed on the way to robbers and ruffians, who, in these poverty-stricken districts, will not hesitate to murder a man for a mere pittance. If the communications with the interior were only on a more secure basis, and the caravan routes better laid out, the trade at this port would be greatly increased. The present exports are principally opium to China, wool, raisins, assafœtida and nuts to India; wheat and tobacco to

Arabia. Another product which might be exported in unlimited quantities is gum ammoniac; it flourishes on the extensive plains of Kirman, where it rears its lowly stalks and weeps bitter tears on the sandy wastes; these tears form the gum of commerce. The imports are largely cotton-twist, cloth, sugar, rice, and indigo. The largest share of trade is in the hands of three native merchants, who are connections or agents of Bombay houses; one European only resides here, leading a lonely, painfully monotonous life as the representative of a Scotch house, attending to their bi-weekly mail steamers which ply up and down between the Persian Gulf and Bombay. He also carries on trade with the interior, the largest share of which consists in the sale of Manchester "piece goods" (dry goods), for which this port affords a good market. I went on shore; found nothing worthy of note in the town save an immense square building erected by the Portuguese for purposes of trade. Back in the town I inspected a number of tombs crowned with large, open, substantial domes, not unlike a Mohammedan mosque. They were solidly built of stone and mortar, and, though three centuries old, bid fair to stand as many more. Some of them seemed to be utilized as sheep-

folds and others as dwellings by the poorer classes. This was our first experience of being in Persian territory, as the location of Bunder Abbas is on the very outskirts of the Shah's kingdom. Our impressions, however, were anything but favorable; deep poverty, degradation, want of thrift, and utter lawlessness were the principal characteristics that at the outset forced themselves upon our notice. I here thought seriously of leaving the steamer and going up to Kirman and Yezd, with a view to inspect the country and gather information; but, on further consideration, felt compelled to give up such an attempt, as the road I should have to pass over by slow caravan marches is a mere path leading up giddy heights, through dangerous passes, and over scorched plains; then, too, I should be at the complete mercy of Beluch and Afghan attendants, usually of a low, ragamuffin order, while cut off for days from all communication with the outside world. For all that, the journey was so tempting in the outlook, having the spice of novelty about it, that had I had sufficient time at my command, and my family somewhere comfortably disposed of, I should have set out with a view to see the cities of Kirman, ancient Carmana, and Yezd; the latter the holy city of the Guebres with its still holier fire-

temples, and from thence worked my way up further north and come on down to Ispahan and Shiraz, gaining thereby a fine opportunity of viewing interior Persia, a territory embraced by ancient Media and Parthia. Such a journey as this I would strongly recommend to those who are adventurous and aching for novelty and excitement; the expense would be small, while the traveler would be constantly confronted by scenes new and entertaining, about which little is known and still less has been written. The time requisite for such a trip would be from two to three months, and ought to be undertaken only in the cold weather, between the months of November and April. This journey has been accomplished, so far as I can learn, by only one or two Europeans, who, being on government service, were well provided with a strong escort and other conveniences, such as those traveling in a private capacity could not expect for themselves.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL AT LINGA. — ITS PEARL-FISHERIES, AND THEIR VALUE. — ISLAND OF BAHREIN. — ITS SUPERIOR HORSES AND DONKEYS. — ITS FERTILITY. — DONKEY RIDE. — RUINED CITY. — STABLES OF THE SHEIK. — COPIOUS SPRINGS. — ARAB COFFEE-SHOP. — ARAB DHOWS, AND ARAB METHOD OF PEARL-FISHING.

ANOTHER twenty-four hours' sail beyond Bunder Abbas, within sight of the Persian coast, to our right, a perfect mass of bleached rocks and barrenness, brought us past the Government (British) Indo-European telegraph station of Bassadore, on the island of Kishm, to the important port and town of Linga. This place is larger, and appears to be a more thriving town than Bunder Abbas. There is more vegetation about, in the shape of date-palms, while the harbor contains a large number of native craft. Quite a substantial break-water of stone had been built out into the sea, enclosing a basin for holding more securely the larger vessels during the blowing of the shumal, to which winds this roadstead is especially ex-

posed. While on shore, I noticed, in the narrow quarters occupied by the British Post-Office, an American clock, keeping "Mohammedan time," the first of the sort I had seen. The clock is set at twelve, just at sunset, the hour that closes their day, and marks the commencement of a new one — not unlike the old method the Jews had of reckoning time. At our six in the morning it is again twelve with them. Linga is an important port for the shipment of pearls, which are obtained from extensive sand-banks in the neighborhood by Arab divers, hundreds of whom are dependent upon this little silicate for their only source of livelihood. The value of the pearls found during 1873 amounted to four hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds ($2,275,000). The fine large shell, termed in commerce mother-of-pearl, is also found here in large quantities, and exported to Europe and America, there to be manufactured into buttons, knife-handles, and fancy articles. Our stay here was just long enough to land the mails, which were in a small bag, containing, perhaps, a dozen letters, and to discharge some bags of rice; in return, we took on board the steamship company's Arab pilot, who attends each vessel up to Bussora, the head of the Persian Gulf, and back again to Linga, more as a matter of

form, and to comply with the demands of the insurance company, than from any difficulties of navigation, as the gulf is quite free from those shoals and reefs that make the Red Sea so dangerous. We then steamed from Linga, across the Persian Gulf, towards the Arabian coast, and in thirty-six hours cast anchor in the bright clear waters of Bahrein, within a couple of miles of the island of the same name, owned by an Arab chief, and noted for its large white donkeys, its superior breed of Arab horses, and its rich pearl-fisheries. A four-in-hand of the donkeys was presented by the sheik of Bahrein, we were told, to the Prince of Wales, not many years ago, which attracted considerable notice in London. I have also, on good authority, an account of an American gentleman giving this Bahrein prince a rifle, which greatly pleased him. The compliment was returned by the sheik's presenting the gentleman with a horse of great beauty, which became an object of pride, much coveted in Bombay, where the gentleman was residing as a merchant. The horse was not to be bought for "love or money," though the owner was annoyed with many applications. A few months after, the gentleman was informed one morning that his horse had been stabbed by some jealous blackguard during

the night, and what was worse, the perpetrator of such despicable meanness could not be found. That part of the island lying nearest our steamer we noticed was covered with vineyards, date-palms, and gardens of almonds, oranges, and pomegranates of tropical luxuriance,—a pleasing contrast to the sandy wastes we had been passing. As soon as we were anchored, in water so clear that we could see the bottom, our Arab pilot, the captain, and myself jumped into one of the steamer's boats, and, after being rowed a couple of miles under a burning sun, past a multitude of native craft lying at anchor, we ran our boat aground, owing to the shallowness of the water, and had to be carried from thence, a hundred yards or so, to the shore on the backs of Arabs. Close by was an Arabian town, whose inhabitants turned out to inspect us. We were soon met by a number of clamorous boys with donkeys, who, after the manner of their young brethren in Alexandria and Cairo, though with far less opportunities of making gain out of foreigners in this out-of-the-way place, pressed us, with excited gestures and no end of noise, to patronize each his particular and superior animal, promising to show us everything on their island in a wonderfully short space of time. While we were making our selection of

quadrupeds. I noticed that the captain chose the smallest, but why he did so never occurred to me till after a certain experience of mine, when the wisdom of his choice in practising humility, and in maintaining proximity to mother earth, flashed across my mind plainly and forcibly. I went in for the Goliath of the stud before us, a big, bouncing white one, and felt like being congratulated on my choice. There were six of us riders. We had hardly mounted when the little Bedouin owners, without any warning, and deaf to all expostulations, began with sticks and stones to belabor each his animal, with a view of showing off the superior merits of his property, in making it outstrip the others, and take the lead in our asinine cavalcade. We flew through the narrow streets, and around the sharp corners of the town, with a rapidity that, to say the least, was unexpected, and certainly, to judge from the crowd, highly diverting to the town's people. The captain soon found himself without his hat, and far less able to guide his machine than to steer his steamer, even had the latter been cast among breakers; and no wonder, for both hands were engaged in an affectionate embrace of his little "pug." The pilot had very appropriately taken the lead to show us the way, but suddenly came to grief by his

ass bolting inside of a house through a door, whose dimensions the brute had accurately calculated would admit him but not his rider. I, on the other hand, came near being indicted for homicide, as I ran over two veiled women, representatives of some zenana, and unveiled them, ruined an old hen and a pariah dog, so far as this life is concerned, scraped my knee against a high wall, and finally came to a sudden and dead halt away ahead of the party, by my locomotive losing its equilibrium and coming down, leaving me standing in a most graceful position above, to the great amusement of the party coming up behind. Our further advance was made more soberly and in better order. After we had gone a mile, we came upon the ruins of an old city. Portions of what had been a palace were still standing, with a mosque attached. The two minarets, which are visible some distance out to sea, were in a tolerable state of preservation. We dismounted, and ascended with considerable difficulty over the débris, and up the spiral staircase to the top of one of these minarets, from which we had a fine view. Close by were the open-air stables of the Bahrein sheik containing a number of horses fastened, as is the custom largely in Eastern countries, by a head-rope or halter, and by feet-ropes, extend-

ing from the hind legs, and binding them to a peg driven into the ground some yards behind. Here we were told that some of the finest Arab horses were reared, though certainly everything about in connection with the stables betokened lack of care and management. Aside from some lively colts gamboling about, the rest of the stud seemed to be affected by the intense sun, and held their heads drooping, in a sort of dreamy, half-unconscious state. On the opposite side we noticed gardens and vineyards of great luxuriance, spreading out on all sides down to the very beach, and away back to a range of sand-hills, which cut off further view, and beyond which we were told nothing but a low stretch of sand extended, which finally terminated in the sea. We descended from the minaret, and visited the ruins of what might have been the royal baths, built over a spring of fresh water, clear and cool, which bubbled up out of the ground, and was alive with fish. Here we gladly quenched our thirst, getting now to be quite painful. We then strolled on for another mile to see a larger spring, — the one to which the island is mainly indebted for its water supply, — which feeds numerous irrigating channels, causing an exceptional fertility of soil. Our progress was at times impeded by

the rankness of vegetation, while the air seemed impregnated with the perfume of orange and other blossoms. The eye, dazzled by the sun's brightness, and wearied with the long sight of sandy, barren wastes, followed, with a sense of cooling relief, the little water-courses, as they threaded their way off from the main channels, along the green hedges, crossing our pathway at every turn, and running in and out of the groves and vineyards, encircling each tree and shrub laden with drops more precious than so many beads in necklaces of pearl.

We at length arrived at the spring, which is the source of all this beauty and fertility. It is of great volume and of remarkable clearness. It gushes up out of the ground with considerable force, and has made for itself a large basin, some thirty feet in depth and the same in width. Standing on the margin, we could look down to the very bottom and see the minutest objects lying there. Clearer water was never seen.

Numbers of fish were sporting about, which did not always have the monopoly of their element, even in this out-of-the-way place, as there was a jumping-board fastened into the bank, said to have been placed there by ubiquitous Jack during the cruise of British men-of-war in this neighborhood, who must have enjoyed the

luxury of a bath in such water and amid such surroundings. The source of this spring has been a subject of no small speculation; as yet no solution has satisfactorily accounted for the mystery, while the natives entertain ridiculous ideas about a matter so vital to their interests. All local investigation has shown the surrounding land to be simply that of an island but a few feet above the ocean level, and washed on all sides by an exceedingly salty sea. Some British officers, while cruising about in this neighborhood for the suppression of the slave-trade, ventured to give as their opinion, that the Bahrein spring is fed by a subterranean stream some hundreds of miles in length, originating in the melted snows on lofty mountains in the heart of Arabia. They further state that there is another spring, called Khor-Fusht, near by this island, away from all land, which gushes up with great force from the bottom of the sea, where native craft resort to replenish their exhausted tanks.

While retracing our steps, and just before leaving the island, we turned aside to indulge in the refreshments of an Arab coffee-shop. Here mats were immediately spread down for us to sit upon, and the hookah, or kullian, the long reed smoking-pipe, was passed around;

this initiatory ceremony over, small bits of china cups were handed each of us, into which was poured a tablespoonful of strong hot coffee from a kettle the Arabs delight to have by their side, simmering away over a little hand-stove full of live coals. We took the coffee, and, without the ingredients of our civilization, leisurely sipped it while chatting with our attentive host, to whom, at length, we gave a bucksheesh of a few pice (coppers), and, exchanging the salutation of salam, started for our steamer, getting first on to the backs of men, then into our boat, and finally reaching the steamer, well satisfied with the experience of the day.

The next morning found us steaming past quite a forest of Arab craft, lying at anchor all about, catching fish and diving for pearls; of this last, some two hundred and ten thousand pounds sterling worth are annually secured from the shoals about, and sent to the different markets of the world. Having heard much about pearl-fishing, I felt exceedingly anxious to investigate the whole subject, especially to acquaint myself with the process in vogue among the Arabs for diving and securing pearl shells from the bottom of the sea. I expressed my wishes accordingly to the captain,

hardly expecting them to be gratified. To my surprise, however, the steamer was stopped for a moment, while the captain very kindly ordered his boat to be lowered and sent me in it alongside of several dhows, or Arab sloops, lying close by. I found these dhows anchored in water from three to five fathoms deep; they were owned by the Bahrein sheik, and were manned by Arabs and Africans. Each craft had three oars on either side, full length, over and above the water and attached firmly to the gunwales; to these oars were fastened ropes, weighted with chunks of hematite obtained from Kishm, by means of which six divers, one to each oar, descend rapidly to the bottom of the sea. At the tip of their noses is fastened a bit of horn or bone, pinching together their nostrils, in order to keep out the water, while their bodies are divested of all clothing except a narrow strip about their loins. Each carries down in his hand a small wire basket attached to distinct cords held by separate men on board. At a given signal, the divers descend together, being borne down rapidly by the weighted ropes; they then feel around over the sand at the bottom, place the shells they find in the baskets, and, after remaining from one-half to three-quarters of a

minute below, signal to their companions above, through the basket-cord which each holds, and are drawn up. This process they keep on repeating till a quantity of shells have been collected, when they gather around the tandale (captain), and, basking in the sun, they lazily break open their treasures, believing in Allah (the Almighty), but more fully in fate, that they will find neither more nor less than what destiny has decreed them. The lion's share of the finds goes to the avaricious sheik of the island, while the poor divers, ground down and kept in almost abject slavery, find bare subsistence difficult. And thus the world obtains, in a great measure, its supply of "crystallized sea-foam," by a process at once clumsy and debasing,—a process that will bear only ridiculous comparison with the capabilities of modern science and diving appliances. A Scotchman, hearing of the Arabs' inefficient way of obtaining pearls, became convinced that there was a grand chance here to make a bold and successful strike. With this idea, he went out to Bahrein furnished with all the improvements in diving apparatus, but was stopped from carrying out his grand fishing project by the British Resident at Bushire, who told me that the Arab chiefs of the Gulf had promised to abstain from further acts of

slavery, in return for which Her Majesty's Government guaranteed them protection in their fisheries against outside intrusion. Whether this can apply to foreigners generally, or only to British subjects, is a question. One thing, however, is certain: any party, by a present of a few rifles, ammunition, and even articles of small comparative value, but adapted to the wants and suited to the wild tastes of Arabs, could buy a claim to the fisheries; in which case it is more than probable that a rich harvest would speedily reward the representative of modern scientific diving. I boarded several dhows, and watched the Arab divers repeatedly bring up from one to half a dozen shells; as soon as the sands beneath each vessel had been well robbed of their treasure and the divers began to come up empty-handed, the dhows were rowed on over fresh ground, where the diving process was again repeated. This process is varied at times by all hands turning to and catching fish, which swarm about in myriads. The result is, that often these native craft are literally covered, from stem to stern, with fish, exposed for drying, and emitting an odor in the heat that will bear a favorable comparison with the largest fish-markets. Before returning to the steamer, I tried to induce the different

tandales to part with some of their shell gatherings, as I proposed opening them at my leisure, both for information and amusement; or, according to the Mohammedan creed, to try my destiny. In fact, one of the inducements I had to offer our captain to stop the steamer was an equal division of the pearl-shells I should bring away with me, and which we should open together in the pleasant excitement that we really stood some chance of finding pearls! I doubt, however, whether my proposal had much weight with the captain, as he ridiculed the idea of my being able to get the Arabs to part with their unopened shells. My request, made to the different tandales, was at first politely but positively declined; the chief reason, in each case, for not complying, being the moral certainty they felt that Allah would destine those very shells that I should carry away, to contain the pearls they were in quest of! One agreed to let me have all the shells I wanted, provided I promised solemnly that I would return the pearls I should happen to find. I observed, however, that a pleasant, familiar chat with these "sons of the desert," while they smoked their reed pipes, went a great ways to please and conciliate them, and when, in addition to this, I offered a four-anna piece (silver coin,

size of a sixpenny bit). I invariably got their consent, and came away with a bushel of shells. These we opened amid considerable fun and excitement on the steamer, the captain evidently more sanguine than the rest of us that every shell hammered open contained a priceless pearl. It is needless to say that we had plenty of fun, but quite failed to find so much as even a trace of the much-coveted little "gem of the billow."

CHAPTER IV.

LANDING AT BUSHIRE. — EUROPEAN RESIDENCES. — PREPARATION FOR CARAVAN MARCHING. — MONEY CREDIT. — PERSIAN COIN. — PERSIAN WEIGHTS. — PERSIAN MODE OF CALCULATING. — CITY OF BUSHIRE. — RAINFALL. — WATER SUPPLY. — TELEGRAPH LINES. — EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

A FURTHER sail of twenty-four hours over a sea as smooth as glass and alive with fish, brought us to Bushire, the important port of Persia. To the eye of the approaching stranger the city, with its mud walls, "wind towers," and flat roofs, devoid of all architectural beauty and every vestige of green, has a very uninviting, not to say repulsive appearance, calculated to produce a feeling of loathing, which is further confirmed on entering its three-to-five feet wide streets, odoriferous with the refuse of by-gone ages, noted breeding-pests of epidemic and cholera, which have decimated the inhabitants.

Back of the city, and far beyond into haziness, extended an immense, uninterrupted,

sandy plain, barren and desolate, terminating finally in an abrupt high range of mountains, if possible more barren and desolate than the place itself, their peaks white with snow in winter, and charred black by a scorching sun in summer. Our steamer fired the signal-gun and cast anchor three miles away from the shore, alongside of two of Her Majesty's gun-boats. This, we were told, was the harbor, though it had more the appearance of the open sea, and here we should have to wait an hour or so for the agent's boat to come off, before we could land.

There were no vessels of any size about, neither any business activity noticeable such as one would be likely to expect in the vicinity of so important a port as Bushire. On the arrival of the boat we got into it, "bag and baggage," and bade the courteous and attentive officers of our steamer good-by. Wind and tide proving to be against us, we had a long pull of it to get to shore, but finally landed at the ebb of the tide in a lot of mud and sand, the rudely constructed pier being high and dry, some yards off! Close by was the custom-house, a sort of open shed, where the so-called customs officials were lounging about, evidently with nothing to do. But I must not

ridicule them, for a more obliging set of men could not be found, as they passed every package of our luggage without even a question.

The next very important consideration was how we were to dispose of ourselves. We had got fairly into Persia at last, but into a land without hotels; and not possessing government credentials, where should we put up till arrangements could be made, and a caravan secured for marching up into the country? Our journey thus far had been comparatively easy, and such as a cockney might undertake at any time; now, however, we were in new scenes, and I began to realize more fully the responsibility I had assumed. I looked over the few business letters I had brought, and with one directed to the firm of Messrs. Gray, Paul & Co., the only European house here, I proceeded up through puzzling lanes to their office, and found Mr. Paul, a Scotchman, in charge, who very kindly invited us to share his house, although, quite surprised, not to say alarmed, at this sudden augmentation of his bachelor quarters. And no wonder, when we recollect the rarity of such an occurrence. The handful of Europeans living here, leading the

monotonous, depressing life of exotics, change their residence every six months. During the cold weather they live inside the city walls, but when the heat commences, with the thermometer persistently indicating 95° indoors, and epidemic begins its murderous round, they retire to large substantial structures, built isolated, on a low sandy plain, two and three miles away from the city, coming in to business on horseback early in the morning, and returning late at night. At first then, in accepting our host's kind offer, we little realized the invitation in its full extent, for instead of getting housed somewhere near by, we found we were "booked" for a residence some miles away, and which we should have to reach on horseback. The very idea of riding horseback was enough to unstring the nerves of my wife, who had given up equestrian habits in the distant days of childhood; but there was no help, and as necessity works wonders, she found herself, before she could realize the fact, mounted on an Arab horse, alongside the rest of us, my child, with the servant, being on a sprightly donkey. We threaded our way through the narrow alleys and tortuous lanes of this Persian metropolis, out upon an extensive plain of sand, here and there cultivated

by dint of irrigation; we could not help feeling a certain charm of novelty at our situation, though right glad when our ride came to an end, and the upper-storied house, which was to form our temporary haven of rest, was reached. It was a source of great relief to be able to avail ourselves of this shelter, and we improved our stay of ten days to the utmost. My wife made a daily practice of riding horseback, in order to prepare herself for the caravan marches.

I purchased two horses, engaged another servant, a Persian, as sort of dragoman, whose familiarity with Hindustani, the common language of India, and with which I was conversant, helped me to understand the Persian tongue. I further procured, in addition to the supplies brought with us, a stock of canned provisions from an Armenian who has a large shop here. More important than all, I was able to arrange a money credit. This was a great desideratum gained, as now I could dispense with a bulky lot of rupees, besides a quantity of gold sovereigns, stowed away in a bag enviously eyed by every coolie who carried it; then, too, by this credit I secured the good riddance of a heavy load of anxiety that had danced attendance on the above filthy lucre

ever since we left Bombay, and all which had been the direct result of advice gratuitously given by parties in India, who thought they knew, and ought to have known; but neither rupees nor sovereigns pass current anywhere a couple of days' march from the seaboard into the interior of Persia. I recollect buying a work in Bombay, just before starting, recommended by the largest book-dealers there, as the latest publication on Persia; viz., "Piggot's Persia," containing a history of the Shah's country, hints to travelers, &c. In vain did I scan its pages for light on Persian coinage, or at least to learn what sort of money a traveler would require. Finally I was forced to the conclusion that whoever might have been the author of the above work, he must have occupied, while sojourning in Persia, the enviable position held often by officials, termed "dead-heads," and hence had no occasion for money. After this experience it would be unpardonable in me not to explain what I did to secure a letter of credit, and what the Persians use for money. I sent back all my money to Bombay by the returning steamer, and made the amount over to the National Bank of India, Limited, desiring it credited to the firm of Messrs. Gray, Paul & Co., with whom the bank has an open

account. This firm, on the other hand, very kindly supplied me, against the amount I had deposited in their favor, with credits through their Armenian constituents, all along our route. I have no doubt, also, that the large Jew house of David Sassoon & Co., in Bombay, with branches in other eastern cities, and who have extensive mercantile transactions with Persia, would oblige travelers by granting them convenient credits for a journey through that country.

To the traveler approaching Persia from the other side, — that is, via Constantinople, St. Petersburg, or in fact by way of any of the important cities in the eastern portions of Europe, — the course would be to pay over an amount to some Armenian firm, agents or direct representatives of Persian houses, and get them to issue a letter of credit. Such agents are legion, but of course not of equal standing. The most reliable will be easily found by making inquiries through officials and responsible parties, and at the place where one secures the letter of credit. Persian money, as well as their system of coinage, is of the rudest kind. The coins barely look alike, much less weigh the same; none of them are milled, and some are so angular that they will hardly allow transportation in one's

pocket, certainly not for any length of time. Those in common use are copper and silver; the gold ones are not commonly met with. The following table will give an idea of the different values of Persian money as compared with sterling money when exchange is at par:—

1000 Dinar =	nominal—only used in large calculations.	1 Keran (silver)	=	£0 0s. 3½d.
100 Ants =		1 do.	=	do.
40 Pool =	copper coin.	1 do.	=	do.
20 Shahi =	a shahi = one halfpenny, or American cent.	1 do.	=	do.
10 Kerans = 1 Toman (gold).			=	£0 3s. 6d.
25 do.			=	1 0s. 0d.

Exchange has fluctuated from 238 to 250 kerans, equivalent to 100 rupees = £10. This last is par value. In this connection, I would add a table of Persian weights.

24 Nokhood (kind of bean)	= 1 Miskal = 78 grs.
40 Miskal	= 1 Dhahana = 6½ ozs.
2 Dhahana	= 1 Bisapanch.
2 Bisapanch	= 1 Panjan.
2 Panjan	= 1 Charak.
2 Charak	= 1 Maund Tabriz = 6½ lbs.
4 Charak	= 1 Maund Shah, or Rozal md.
100 Tabriz Maunds	= 1 Kharwar, or ass load.

Persian merchants, whether retailers or wholesalers, have a curious way of reckoning. They do not, as a rule, work out their accounts by figures, but adopt a method not very unlike the rudimentary system in vogue among our schools

of working out simple sums in arithmetic, by means of wooden beads, string on different wires, in a frame called an abacus. This little frame is always forthcoming, even in the simplest sums of addition or subtraction, as, for instance, when a shopkeeper is given a coin, and change is to be returned, he always consults his frame before returning you your due.

It would hardly do to pass on without saying a word about Bushire itself, though the place merits very little mention. The city is built on a gently-rising bank, which becomes an island in high tides. It is surrounded by a wall and bastions in an indifferent state of preservation. The houses, for the most part, are built of a porous, conglomerate stone, quarried in the neighborhood, and are small and uncomfortable. They possess one peculiarly local feature, and that is the wind-towers, which rise above the flat roofs, communicating with the apartments below by galleries, and so constructed as to catch any breeze that may be stirring, and send it down to cool the inmates of the house. The population hardly numbers twelve thousand, most of whom, though engaged in different branches of trade, are poverty-stricken and wretchedly clad — even the well-to-do go about feigning the appearance of those

in humble circumstances, with the intent to avoid the eye of avarice and the dagger of the assassin, both powerful agents, having full sweep in this lawless land. The place is supplied with fruit and vegetables brought by caravan from a distance, as the plain in the immediate vicinity yields little, and that only by constant irrigation, kept up all night by the farmer, singing and driving his one bullock back and forth in the process of drawing up water with a leathern bucket from a little pit of a well, often rudely scooped out of the sand. The rainfall hardly averages half a dozen inches per annum, and good drinking-water is scarce; the best is obtained from two wells, — Bahmany and Bagh-i-mulah, — six and five miles away, and brought to the city in skins, on asses, by boys. This they dispose of for bits of copper, or at season rates, and thus gain a livelihood. Europeans residing here comprise the Resident, as representative of Her Majesty's Government, a German consul, a civil surgeon, two or three merchants, and a telegraph staff. The latter, some dozen or so, belong to the "Repeating Office" of the Indo-European Telegraph, which has two wires running up from Bombay and Kurrachi, — one submarine and the other land, — the former following almost

the same course that our steamer took; the latter keeping to the Asiatic coast, which we had here and there touched at, along to the right of us.

On reaching Bushire, the land-wire passes right up through the heart of Persia, via Shiraz, Ispahan, Teheran, Tabriz, Tiflis, Moscow, and is called the Russo-Persian line, while the submarine cable again plunges into the waters of the Gulf, and goes on to Fao, at the head of the same, where it becomes a land-wire, and proceeds up the Euphrates valley, past Bagdad, Diarbekr, on to Constantinople. These two wires, besides a third (submarine), via Aden and Suez, form the three great channels for the interchange of thought between the distant East and the far West. Messages from Bushire to London have quick despatch, and cost only £1 2*s*. 0*d*. for the unit of twenty words — about one-half the Bombay rates. Bushire is the most important centre in the Persian Gulf for exports and imports, and being situated on the direct line of telegraph, and visited bi-weekly by mail steamers to and from Bombay, besides monthly by steamers to and from London direct, is well adapted to hold a central position. The European house here — that of Gray, Paul & Co. — are agents for the mail steamers, and are large

importers of Manchester cotton goods. Besides this house, there are a few Armenian and Mohammedan companies. The trade of these natives lies chiefly in exporting cotton, tobacco, opium, and dried fruits, and in importing rice, tea, sugar, and indigo.

The duty on exports and imports for Europeans is five per cent. on invoice value, the same as at other Persian ports and border towns. They are exempted from all other import duties. The natives, in certain cases, pay higher rates. The mail line of steamers have largely the monopoly of Bombay and European freights, while goods sent up into the interior of the country, or brought down to the seaboard, are conveyed by the slow, expensive method of caravans, consisting of mules, asses, and camels, liable at any time to be waylaid and plundered by roving banditti and armed dacoits.

CHAPTER V.

OUTFIT FOR TRAVELERS. — ROUTES TO EUROPE. — COMMENCEMENT OF OUR CARAVAN MARCH. — TELEGRAPH WIRE AN ILL OMEN. — IMPUDENT CHARVADAR. — NAPHTHA. — VISIT TO THE PETROLEUM SPRINGS. — EFFICACY OF MEDICINES. — WILDNESS OF THE ROUTE ONWARD TO KAZERUN.

BY the tenth day, reckoning from the date of our arrival at Bushire, I had completed my various preparations, as well as circumstances would admit. But, lest any should not be so fortunate as I was, in securing at the eleventh hour what I should not again leave to the chance tender mercies of a Bushire bazar and bazar men, let me say to the novice, in Persian traveling bring with you the following necessaries; viz., a saddle, saddle-bags, bridle, stout whip and spurs, and a lady's saddle by all means, if you are rash enough to bring the occupant; canned provisions, such as soups, meats, biscuits, &c., musquito netting — indispensable in summer — a light folding bedstead, rubber blanket, or, still better, a rubber air-mattress and pillow, warm clothes

for winter, light flannel suit for summer, candles and matches, paper, ink and pens; a filter for water, also very important; tea-pot, kettle, two cooking vessels, plates, knives, spoons and forks. In winter, colored glasses for the eyes, and colored veil for the face, to protect from the glare are essential, and in summer, a spreading, well-ventilated hat called "solar topee," a few medicines, such as quinine, camphor, chlorodyne, &c., also a revolver. To the above the traveler could add a light tent, often very convenient, and whatever else might suit his particular habits and purse. So far as we were concerned, we had to dispense with some of the above articles, since we were not well informed of what were our requisites, in fact only learned them as we experienced the want of them on our march.

Had we been a few months earlier, we might have pursued a different route from the one decided upon, by following a course taken by a few travelers eager to make the journey between India and Europe by another than the ordinary mail route. This would have led us on from Bushire by the same steamer we had come in, about 130 miles farther to Bussora, at the head of the Persian Gulf. Here we should have taken a little Turkish steamer, and gone up the Euphrates to Bagdad, thence we

could have gone, by caravan, past Babylon to Damascus and Beirut on the Mediterranean, or, if the water in the Euphrates admitted, as it does in the cold months, we could have taken a boat, and by a unique voyage got up to Aleppo, and thence by three days' march reached the Mediterranean at Alexandretta.

As remarked before, the journey thus far had been comparatively easy; now we were to have a change indeed. On the night of the 31st of May, 1875, I got together, after much wrangling, brandishing of the whip and promises of bucksheesh, a caravan of two horses, six mules, one donkey, and five attendants, and contrary to the advice of many, who looked upon a journey through Persia as fool-hardy and simply suicidal, commenced my march of one thousand miles. This opinion was the more pronounced as I continued firm in my resolve to let my wife and child accompany me. It was just past midnight when I mounted one of my horses, my Hindoo servant the other, while my wife and child sat cramped up in kajavehs, a sort of wooden cage, swung to balance, one on each side of the back of a mule, with the other mules carrying our effects, and with our attendants, we started.

I shall never forget that midnight march, as

we crept along at the rate of three miles an hour through the darkness, in Indian file, along a desolate caravan track, over a low salty plain, the sand still radiating the heat of a previous day's sun. Nor shall I forget the dawn of the morning, as one by one the stars quietly and modestly withdrew from the blanching gaze of the sun, rising sullen and fiery-eyed, as from a night's debauch.

To the right and left, before and behind, nothing but a perfect ocean of mirages was to be seen, delineating cities, castles, forests, and lakes with such lifelike accuracy as to deceive even a native of that locality.

Our further advance became painfully tedious. We were oppressed with sleep, while an almost overpowering desire seized us, to yield to the feeling, and throw ourselves down anywhere on the sand. Nothing could quench thirst, while the continuous plodding jog of our horses and mules, keeping time to the tinkling of their bells, only tended to aggravate our sufferings, and lengthen that long first march of twenty-five miles into double that distance. It was not till some hours of sun had baked and grilled us to the imminent risk of life itself, that, thoroughly exhausted, my wife and child flushed deep red by the heat, we succeeded in reaching

our first caravansary, a plain substantial wall, built to enclose a large square space, entirely open above, and guarded at the four corners by loop-holed towers, the whole having communication with the outside through one large massive door, kept closed at night. In the arched niches of this walled court, and on its stone floor—certainly not the cleanest—we cast ourselves down, appreciating the shelter as only weary pilgrims can the shadow of a rock in a dry and thirsty land. After some delay and trouble, our servants procured kindling-wood and water from the small neighboring village of Ahmedi, when we had our simple meal, and tried to secure sleep; but what with mosquitoes, flies, and fleas inside, and the intense glare and heat from outside, we fared wretchedly. Added to this, the neighing of horses, and braying of mules and asses stabled in the court, and tended by boisterous, garrulous charvadars (attendants), caused an uproar unendurable. When at length night set in, we bound together our bundles, placed them on the backs of our caravan, and commenced a repetition of the previous night's experiences and sensations. Two cadaverous-looking Persians, with old flint-lock muskets, volunteered to be our escort. I accepted their services, though with little faith

in their protective abilities, and learned afterwards, at the close of our march, that they had brought no powder for their guns, as they begged hard for bucksheesh with which to procure ammunition. At dawn we reached the village of Borazjun, after a weary march of eighteen miles, or about five farsakhs, as the Persians reckon. A farsakh, in lower Persia, is about three miles; up north of Ispahan it is reckoned at about four miles. To quote from the "Zend Avesta," in illustration of the Persian's ideas of definiteness, "a farsakh, it is said, is a distance within which a long-sighted man can see a camel, and distinguish whether it be white or black!"

At Borazjun we failed to get quarters in the caravansary, as the old one had tumbled down, and the new one under construction was not sufficiently advanced for the reception of travelers. The latter was intended to be a substantial structure, but the funds bequeathed for its erection, by a pious old Mussulman merchant, were constantly being drained by fraud and rascality, so that the work lagged. In this predicament, with regard to securing shelter, we were met by an Armenian, in the employ of Her Majesty's Telegraph Department, who kindly placed one of the two rooms of his office build-

ing at our disposal. This we were only too glad to accept, and escape from the direct rays of the already burning sun. In this connection I would say that such telegraph stations are located at regular intervals all along the Persian line, and are in charge of Armenian clerks and European inspectors, whose chief duty it is to test the wire daily, from station to station, besides guard against its being cut or tampered with by roving banditti or any of the ill-affected, prejudiced natives. We found these telegraph stations exceedingly agreeable places to stop at, and only regretted they were not located at more frequent intervals, not only on account of the hospitality extended us there, but because they afforded us *the one* sign that we were not quite cut off from the rest of the world. Then, too, to hear while quartered in the various offices, the frequent clicking of the machines, as the result of London's direct converse with Bombay, or New York with Calcutta, brought one's country and friends into a feeling of agreeable proximity, somewhat refreshing in our desolate, depressing marches.

To most Persians, the telegraph-wire put through their country by England, without regard to their wishes, thus binding their land by a cord of iron, was plainly an ill omen, an

unmistakable harbinger of evil, and could mean nothing else than, sooner or later, a complete subjection of entire Persia to the British rule. Hence their determination to break, if possible, the spell, by their repeated attempts to destroy the telegraph line, and hence their antipathy to the "feringhis," or foreigners.

In a low room, ten feet square, we endeavored to make ourselves as comfortable as our circumstances would permit, though this was not saying much.

By the aid of our attentive host, seconded by the efforts of our servants, we sat down to a breakfast of curry and rice, boiled eggs, tea and chopatties, a thin wafer bread of the Persians. Breakfast over, we cast ourselves on rugs spread on the floor of our room, and were soon wrapped in deep sleep. Early in the afternoon we were awakened by the intense heat, the thermometer being in the neighborhood of 120° Fahr. We were completely drenched with perspiration, while not a breath of air stirred the gossamer threads of a spider's web overhead, and even had there been any wind outside, we should not have been benefited by it, as the little building of an office was completely encased in a massive wall, twelve feet high all around, built to guard against intrusion, and which

was as impervious to wind as effectual in radiating glare and furnace-heat within. Never had we come so near a realization of the fires of purgatory before—our only relief seemed to be in cold-water applications, constantly kept up. Fortunately, and to our surprise, we could keep our water quite cool by a process at once simple and in common use among the people. Had it not been for this it is difficult to imagine how we might have fared. Everywhere in that dry atmosphere we found the natives used a little leather bag, shaped like a cone, and fixed up on three legs. The apex cut off formed the mouth. Into this water was poured, which evaporated so fast as to produce, within half an hour, a fall of the water in the bag to a temperature far below that of the atmosphere. When, at length, evening with its shade came to our relief, we climbed up on the roof of the office, and sat there, by way of a change. After our dinner was ready and disposed of, we began to prepare for another night's march, hoping to accomplish two stages in one before the heat of the next morning's sun should be too great. Then, too, we were anxious to get out of the germsir, or hot plain, we had been traversing, up over the sarhadd, or serdsir ("high cold region"), back of the mountain chain, whose base

we were skirting. At this juncture, our charvadar, or muleteer, presented himself, and impudently declared he would go no further, unless the sum promised him at the close of the trip, for we had engaged him as far as Shiraz, was paid him *now*. The reason he assigned for such a preposterous demand was, that he had bought two of his mules on credit in this town of Borazjun, on his last march through to Bushire, and that now, on his return trip, his creditors demanded their money, but he was unable to pay the requisite amount. As I had given the man nothing before starting, and, learning that it was customary to pay the charvadar about one-half of the whole sum agreed upon at the very outset of an engagement, a custom open to objections, I consented to pay the half and no more, knowing very well that the more I paid the man the less hold I should have on him. He finally made up his mind to be content with the amount I offered.

The next question with me was, how to make good my promise; for I had on hand nothing like the sum my muleteer wanted, having taken just enough to meet daily road expenses. I had my letter of credit, to be sure, but that was worth no more than the paper it was written on in that little village. In this predicament our

obliging host came to the rescue, and offered me all I should require, taking my "promise to pay," and getting it realized in Bushire — an accommodation not to be so easily obtained among strangers, even in more civilized lands. After this matter had been settled, and the money paid over, and we were congratulating ourselves on the easy solution of our difficulty, the muleteer again presented himself, and declared his inability to start right away, as we had ordered, since his mules had not as yet had their full feed, and one of them had strayed away somewhere. Our host again came to the rescue, giving us an insight into one phase of autocratic government much practiced in the East, and certainly one by which the "ends of justice" are attained without "red tape" and circumlocution. He seized a whip, and without anything like a statement of the case, or any explanatory remarks, he gave the fellow a good thrashing. The lost mule was immediately forthcoming, and we were soon on our way. We were advised to take guards, so I engaged six thuffanchees (armed men) to accompany us to our next halting-place. This was our third night's march, and differed but little from the previous ones, except that instead of level sand we had to pass over low spurs, thrust out from

the lofty chain of mountains to the right of us, which cut the plain we had been traversing into ravines, and strewed the ground about with blackened bowlders, giving a wild, unsafe appearance to the locality. We must have got over several miles of such ground when we were uncomfortably aroused from the stupor we had fallen into, consequent on the hot night, by offensive odors, with which the air seemed completely impregnated. We soon came upon two or three little streams running across our track, which the mules tried to get over by leaping, apparently fearing contamination; and no wonder, for the water emitted sulphuretted hydrogen, while the ground around was disfigured with unsightly black pits of petroleum, naphth according to the Persians, which, combined, gave forth a stench almost unendurable. The thought seriously entered my mind whether we were not approaching the Styx. Certainly, if gases tend to inspiration, no better spot could be chosen for men of Virgil and Dante's stamp wherein to depict their Hades and Inferno. Imagine a dark night, a strange country, a wild locality, a small caravan threading their way through tortuous ravines, among weird-looking rocks, a chain of gloomy mountains on one side, sand and salty marshes on the other, a perfidi-

ous, ragamuffin set of attendants, ridiculously termed an escort, the whites of whose eyes, and the glimmer of whose weapons, formed all that was visible, a little child fast asleep on the back of a mule, a helpless lady, no weapons for self-defense, except an unloaded revolver, the air stifling and savoring of death, the very ground beneath us exhaling gases infernal, and you have a picture not easily described nor soon forgotten.

The glimmerings of dawn were barely traceable on the highest peaks of the mountains when the barking of dogs in the distance announced our approach to Dalaki, — a pitiable collection of hovels, — a place we were strongly advised to avoid, on account of its proverbial heat and insalubrity, and which, according to our plans of the evening before, was to mark the first half of our double march. To our surprise, the muleteers commenced unloading the mules, and in reply to our protests impudently informed us that they could go on no further, as the sun would be up shortly, and their mules would perish, and we, too, would fare no better, there being no shelter for miles ahead, and that only after we should have ascended over a thousand feet of steep, difficult climbing. Being weary and terribly overcome with sleep, the opportu-

nity now offered of throwing ourselves down and securing immediate relief in rest was too great a temptation to resist. We yielded to our exacting attendants, when at another time we should have resented their obstinacy with threats and thrashings. We besought and obtained shelter in a poor Armenian's house hard by, as the caravansary was in ruins, crawled up on the roof, that being the cleanest and coolest place, and were hardly on our backs before we were lost in profound sleep. Not till the sun was well up and scorching us, and not till we were awakened by the shouts and shakings of our servants, did we arise, descend to a room prepared for us by the hospitable inmates of the house, partake of a plain breakfast on the mud floor, and again consign ourselves to sleep, thankful that we could thus obliterate most of the hours of the day in such an agreeable occupation, despite the representatives of entomology, and the intense heat. As the former lie beyond the possibility of computation, even by scientific instruments, we must decline discussing their numbers with any degree of exactness. On the other hand, the latter cannot be estimated with any sort of appreciation, owing to several aggravating causes, even though figures were to be given, stating the range of tempera-

ture, as, for instance, the thermometer would register 115° Fahr. in the most favorable positions within our room, while outside it would give a maximum of solar radiation of 175° Fahr.; but this fails to give any idea of our steamy confined quarters, our discomforts, our exhausted natures, with no anticipation of immediate relief.

The inhabitants of the little village were not long in being notified of the arrival in their midst of a whole family of feringhis. They accordingly were bent on gratifying their curiosity almost to an impertinent degree, crowding on their flat roofs and about our quarters to get a peep at us if possible. Their inquisitiveness, however, was atoned for in a measure by the interest they took in my wife and child, and in the heartfelt sympathy they manifested for them in the overpowering heat, and the long, hard journey before us.

Late in the afternoon, I mounted my horse, and went back over the road we had just come, for a couple of miles, wishing to examine the petroleum springs that we passed in the morning. I found, on both sides of the road, broad-mouthed depressions in the ground, — regular pitfalls, — containing a thick, blackened mass of offensive bitumen, from two to four feet below

surface level, several feet in depth, with apparently no outlet, and presenting a very peculiar appearance. There were a number of springs of water, that carried on their surface a continuous film of oil, which is borne along a few hundred yards to the Dalaki River, — a large stream that empties into the Persian Gulf, — not many miles distant. The oil thus contributed to the waters of the river and gulf amounts to several thousand gallons of petroleum every day. This is the opinion of the civil surgeon at Bushire, as expressed in his printed report, published by the British Government, and which I was kindly allowed to borrow for a few days. On the strength of letters which I had brought from the Persian Consul-General at Bombay, to the Agent for Foreign Affairs at Bushire, directing him to furnish me every assistance, and provide me an escort, I was enabled to go about among the different petroleum springs, and examine them, but not so extensively as I had wished, as the very guide whom I had secured from the village to act as escort manifested constant fear lest we should be surprised by some lurking ruffians, and carried off or killed. However, I succeeded in making enough observations to feel convinced that, though "several thousand gallons" of oil might be an over-esti-

mate of the real quantity running to waste, yet that a profitable trade could be built up without much outlay, from the quantity of petroleum about, and its proximity to water-carriage. It was amusing to see how distressed my attendant appeared whenever I approached the oil-pits, declaring that in so doing there was great danger of being drowned, and confirming his statement by telling me of a camel that once got too near the brink, when the ground gave away, and he tumbled in, and was lost; also, that a feringhi fell in, and was with difficulty saved. This last story I could not doubt, some weeks later, when the gentleman himself told me of the accident, and how it was days before he could get rid of the smell of crude petroleum.

On inquiring of the people in the village what they did with the naphth, they replied, "Nothing, save to apply it as an ointment for sores and bruises." Indeed, its healing properties have justly great celebrity, as it is carried far and wide, and used with great efficacy on man and beast.

On the opposite side of the village from that where the petroleum pits lie, is a rapid little stream of clear, fresh water. I followed it up a mile or more to the base of a mountain, where it gushes forth with great volume and force,

close to an old, substantial quadrangular structure, surmounted by a dome, said to have been once a palace, but now going to ruin, and occupied by blue pigeons. Around, were traces of gardens, well laid out, and the copiousness of the spring afforded exceptional facilities for beautifying the grounds. This spring was now well utilized by the inhabitants of Dalaki, in watering their fields of grain and gardens of vegetables; also, in irrigating groves of palms, yielding dates, long celebrated as the finest in the world. At nightfall, I engaged six thuffancheers as an escort, with promises of bucksheesh if they behaved well, and paid our kind host two kerans, or a couple of francs, for the use of his room, evidently a larger amount than he had calculated upon, as he seemed greatly pleased. By eleven o'clock we got fairly started. Our path now made straight for the mountains we had heretofore been skirting, and up their steep sides, through defiles, still radiating the sun's heat at midnight, and over windy heights, on which one of our mules had his load blown off, causing us delay, while the kajaveh, in which my wife and child were seated, was just saved in time from rolling over backwards off from the climbing mule that was carrying on his back this distressing machine of travel — a machine

that needs to be experienced in order to be *fully appreciated*. In the wildest portion of the mountains the thuffanchees came up and asked for bucksheesh, saying that they were going on no further, as it was not their custom, and the road beyond did not lie in their beat. Deeming

KAJAVEH, A PERSIAN CONVEYANCE.

the fellows of no service, any way, and having had no help from them in our difficulties thus far, as they had all along taken care to keep away ahead of us, out of the reach of our call, I paid them half a keran each, and dismissed them. We soon came upon a lone tower, loopholed at

the top, said to be the quarters of a guard stationed there by the Persian Government to keep order and help travelers. We saw no signs, however, of the public protectors, and doubt very much whether they were anywhere near their post. Just at dawn, we came upon the first evidences of *departed* Persian civilization, which was no less than a large bridge of substantial arches, built across the Dalaki River, called Pul-I-Mushir, one of the remnants of Shah Abbas' prosperous reign. The approach on both sides was paved like one of the old Roman roads, and there were unmistakable signs of the path we were following having been a constructed road and a highway for a prosperous commerce. Beyond the bridge we met one of the first caravans since leaving Bushire, which agreeably changed for the moment the hitherto desolate nature of our march. The caravan was composed of nearly a hundred camels, loaded with bales of wool, going down to Bushire. Their approach was announced from a distance by the leading camel carrying around his neck a large, doleful-sounding bell, with smaller ones fastened to the knees of his fore-legs, trimmed with tassels and red bunting, and giving out a curious medley of sound, keeping time to the swinging, lazy gait

so peculiar to that long-legged race. The attendants seemed to be all asleep, stretched out on top of the various loads, face downwards, with their feet dangling over the sides, while each one's camel, fastened by a rope to the tail of the preceding camel, marched on in obedience to the bell-adorned leader. When the caravan had passed, we began another ascent, which was steeper and more difficult than any we had yet come across, up Kothul-I-Nalee, through a pass fifteen hundred feet above sea-level. The kajaveh was no longer safe to ride in while the mule was climbing. My wife got out and mounted her horse, while I took the child on mine; but even this method of proceeding had to be given up, and we all were forced to resort to our feet. Every now and then, down would come some box or bag from one of the mules, which obliged the whole caravan to wait, in their ascending, strained position, till the pack was righted, and the fallen articles replaced, and we could pass on. In two places, the rocks crowded so closely upon our little, tortuous path, that the larger packs and the kajaveh had to be taken off from the mules' backs, and carried separately by our men, while the mules themselves were led through, and reloaded on the further side. Well was it that

we had daylight; but even this had its accompanying evil, for the sun began to smite us with its fierce heat. We hailed the top of our tedious ascent with a joy which we had been anticipating for fully an hour. On a ridge commanding our pathway were seated three rough men, armed with match-locks, who rushed down to us as soon as we had gained level ground at the top, and clamored for bucksheesh, saying that they had been guarding us from their airy position, and now that we had got through all right we must pay them. Hardly deeming such services as they had bestowed worth paying for, I made them run along ahead of my horse, as I proceeded in advance of our caravan, to the quarters, about a mile off, where we were to rest for the day. Here I made the fellows clean up, get some water, and procure provisions from the small village of Konartakhteh close by, and then dismissed them with a few coppers. The quarters above referred to, and which we were only too glad to get possession of, were an empty telegraph office, containing two large rooms, and some houses for servants in the yard, the whole surrounded by a wall. The operator in charge here, we heard, had for some reason left weeks before, taking away everything, except a table, two old chairs, a galvanic battery, and an

instrument for testing the wires. There was an old Persian in charge, but he could not tell us much, except that he had orders to stay and look after the building till some feringhi came to relieve him. We were on high ground, some eighteen hundred feet above sea-level, and found a difference in the climate; for though the heat was considerable at mid-day, it was dry heat, while that of the plains had been of a sweltering, debilitating kind. We had not been here many hours, when one of the muleteers fell sick; but, fortunately for my reputation as a hukkim (doctor), the doses I prescribed proved efficacious, and at once established my fame as being skilful in the healing art.

Before evening of that day numbers had been to me from the village, — men, women, and children, — with all sorts of ailments. They were all eager to describe their symptoms, even to minute details, each regardless of the presence of the others, and on points that patients in civilized lands would hesitate expatiating upon, from feelings of delicacy, to say the least. It is strange that every feringhi is supposed by so many among the Eastern nations to be an adept in the science of materia medica; but so it is, and to this prevailing idea must I attribute a good deal of my success in getting through

Persia. In this connection, I would suggest to those proposing to travel in out-of-the-way Eastern countries, that they should by all means take with them medicines that are easily carried about, such as pills, powders, &c. They will find them very useful, and often the means of accomplishing an end they never could otherwise attain. We had occasion to remember the telegraph quarters at Konartakhteh, for we had not left them more than two or three days when report came that the place had been broken into by robbers, who, not finding what they had hoped for, revenged themselves by injuring the house and premises. When night set in we managed to get some sleep, and before dawn of the next day we were again on our march, with four thuffanchees for an escort. The road at first skirted a large stream,—the Dalaki River, which we had crossed by the large bridge the morning before. The waters seemed literally alive with fish, while the banks were lined with fragrant oleander. Though this stage was only one of eleven miles, yet, like the preceding day's jaunt, it was largely a climbing one,—up the sides of trap formations, and along strata tumbled about into the surface of the earth in every conceivable angle—a perfect paradise for a geologist. There were deep gorges on each side,

and to guard against accident we all dismounted and slowly walked up. We were glad to get upon level ground again, at a height of twenty-nine hundred feet above the sea, and enter the first really fertile valley, surrounded by whitish mountains, masses of salt, and barrenness. There were two or three villages in sight, quite a relief to the prevailing desolation about. The nearest, called Kemarij, was to be our resting-place for the day. Here we engaged an upper room, apparently the only one in town, as there was no other accommodation for travelers. The women of the house, in the absence of the men, busied themselves to make us comfortable, getting wood, water, milk, and other necessaries. The drinking-water was brackish, and we tried to get along with as little of it as possible. Towards the cool of the evening, we had our chairs placed upon the flat roof, and there sat watching and being watched by most of the village. Some of them, we noticed, were kneading dough into thin wafer-bread, and baking it for their evening meal; others were sewing; others tending the returning flocks; others smoking and staring at us, and others still quarreling, in loud, vehement tones, about their share of the day's gleanings, etc. The busiest of them all were the women; for it seems to be taken

for granted in these Eastern countries that the weaker sex should do more than their share of the work. Well it is that they quietly submit to the imposition, otherwise there might be a tremendous rebellion. That night made the sixth successive one of our march, and the next stage being a long one, seven farsakhs, we were told to start early, which we did, though greatly overcome with fatigue, and a persistent inclination to sleep. Added to this, the stories told by our guides about the experiences of former travelers along that identical road gave rise to anxiety and suspense. Our path at the outset passed along the valley of Kemarij, then entered a narrow, desolate ravine, from which it mounted some frightful precipices, not far from the ruins of Shapur, supposed by some to have belonged to the old capital city and magnificent palace of Ahasuerus, and at last brought us past the famous ruins of Diriz to the green and watered plain of Kajerun, through a gorge of extreme wildness, where not many months previous the Honorable Napier, Secretary to the British Legation at Teheran, had his caravan plundered, and his strong guard of Afghan Sepoys routed and two killed, while his traveling companion barely escaped death with the loss of his front

teeth, the result of a heavy blow from the club of one of the ruffians.

At Kazerun, we noticed a change for the better in the climate. The city is situated in a fertile valley, dotted over with vineyards and orchards, where we found the fruits of the tropics and the products of colder climes growing side by side. In fact, the trees, gardens, and fields are far more extensive, and the water more abundant, than in any place we had as yet visited, and afforded a pleasing contrast to the parched, sterile wastes of those portions we had left behind us.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR QUARTERS, A KIOSK AT KAZERUN. — BAZAR. — SNOW. — GRAVEYARD. — GARDENS. — PERSIANS AS HORSEMEN. — INVEST IN A HORSE. — TAKHT-I-TIMUR. — ACCIDENT TO KAJAVEH. — CARAVAN OF ROSEWATER. — ARRIVAL AT DASHT-I-ARJIN. — PARTRIDGE RAISING. — SIGHTS AND INCIDENTS ALONG THE ROAD TO CHENAR RHARDAR. — ARRIVAL AT SHIRAZ.

AT Kazerun we put up in a kiosk, or summer residence of one of the old princes, sadly in need of repair, close to a broken fountain, and situated in a beautiful garden of oranges and pomegranates. Here, under the shade of waving palms, and regaled with the perfume of jasmine and roses, we tried to recover from the fatigue of our previous wanderings. Towards evening we received a call from the telegraph inspector, an Armenian, and his wife, who very kindly urged us to come to their house and stay with them, saying that we should be more comfortable there and much safer, as the garden was a little distance off from the town, and might be entered at night and we be molested. We

accepted their offer, and were very hospitably entertained at the telegraph office. Here we decided to stay over a day and night in order to recuperate and gather information about the city and its productions. After a whole night's rest—a luxury we had not for some time enjoyed, and which our little boy thoroughly improved, as well as his elders—I went out with our host into the town, numbering some five thousand inhabitants, which, like all other Persian cities showed signs of departed greatness. We wandered through the scanty bazar, where English cloth and homespun prints were exposed for sale. There was also pottery and iron ware in little niches for shops, half a dozen of which would hardly fill one of our large show-windows. There was one thing that I noticed for sale, which was very refreshing to behold; viz., snow. This, my informant remarked, was collected on the mountain-tops at the close of winter, and placed in pits, where it was trodden down hard to prevent its melting. As soon as the heat of summer began to be felt on the plains, the owners of the snow-pits brought down daily to the bazars a quantity of the frozen article, which, being very cheap, was indulged in by all classes. We made good use of it all along our march onwards from this place, though it

was not to be had in the smaller towns. Returning from the bazar, we stumbled upon a collection of ruins close to a graveyard, where the graves were marked, for the most part, by head and foot stones, some of them being beautiful orange-tinted marble slabs, said to have been brought from Yezd, and covered with neatly-carved Persian inscriptions. One tomb was especially noticeable, being marked by a large, massive stone lion, which meant, I was told, that the person buried beneath had either slain a lion during his lifetime or was a man of great power and daring. After breakfast, our host, in accordance with his custom, tested the telegraph wires, to see if they were all right, by sending messages to the different offices along the line. It was quite entertaining to sit near the instrument, and learn what was going on at Dasht-I-Arjin, the nearest telegraph office, twenty-five miles north of us, also to hear from our old host at Borazjun, describing his hot surroundings, and inquiring after our welfare. In this interchange of messages, our host kindly informed the office at Dasht-I-Arjin of our intended plans, and we immediately received an invitation of welcome, and a promise to have things in readiness for us on the second morning after our departure from Kazerun, which was the time

it would take us to reach Dasht-I-Arjin, distant two marches. At noon, our host proposed, by way of amusement, a game of chess. Being fond of the game, I readily consented, but am loth to confess was beaten three consecutive

SHAH TIMUR (FATHER OF SHAH ABBAS).

times. That evening we rode out to a couple of fine gardens, filled with orange, peach, apricot, and pomegranate trees, which, though not in fruitage, were luxuriant in their deep green foliage, showing pleasant signs of enterprise, and abundant increase that the earth here

yielded to the faithful tiller of the soil. We were accompanied by a couple of men, armed and on horseback, in the regular employ of the telegraph department, more for "the show of the thing" than as necessary for our defence. At the command of their master, they exhibited in the open fields certain feats of horsemanship, such as firing at a mark, picking up articles from the ground, etc., while their horses were in full gallop, feats quite peculiar to the Persians, and such as stamp that nation among the most daring and finest horseback riders in the world. They practice the art from early childhood, and consider the accomplishment as indispensable as reading and writing is with us. My host was mounted on a fine bay Arab, gentle, but full of life, having plenty to eat, with nothing to do. Upon inquiry, I learned that he would part with him for £20, and so concluded to make the purchase, especially as my wife took a great fancy to the graceful young creature, while the one she had ridden on the way up from Bushire seemed not only the worse for age but for our constant marching, as he had completely given out. In fact, he began to stumble so badly that it was dangerous to ride him. I therefore concluded to leave our worn-out Bucephalus, and have him led back to

Bushire, the only place where I could expect to get anything for him, and took the new horse on, with a fresh servant, whom I engaged at the last moment. The following night, we had just dropped off to sleep, when we were aroused, and told that it was time to be up and on the way. After a cup of tea and some toast, we bade our kind friends adieu, and by the aid of the stars, which seemed to shine exceptionally bright, we had no difficulty in making rapid progress along the lonely caravan track. Our course for the first six or seven miles lay through a valley well cultivated, skirting the base of a long range of mountains, till we came to a sudden break in the chain, through which we passed, close by a curious group of figures, cut out of the solid rock in a perpendicular ledge in the side of the mountain bordering the road. My servant pointed out the spot, and said it was called Takht-I-Timur (Throne of Timur). In this group, the central figure is that of a king, sitting upon a lion for a throne, with courtiers in reverential attitudes about him. The whole is surrounded by a high, massive wall on three sides, while the mountain, out of which the figures were cut, forms the fourth side; and in the court thus constructed are niches and cells long ago abandoned by

the fakirs and dervishes to the bats and hyenas. Our road at this point crossed a rapid little stream, the outlet to quite a lake close by, the stream being bridged by a single narrow, shaky slab, over which the mules crossed, one by one, with wonderful sure-footedness and balancing powers. The last one of the caravan remained yet to cross, — the one carrying the kajaveh, in which my wife and child were seated. He hesitated for a moment only, then started to follow suit, but lost his balance, and tumbled into the water below. My wife and child gave a scream; two of the attendants, who chanced to be near, sprang forward and most opportunely caught the kajaveh and saved it with its precious contents. In the confusion that ensued, both of our horses got loose, and took to their heels over the road we had just come. One of them, however, was soon caught, but the other being the one I had just bought, and full of life, appreciated his freedom too richly to barter it away by any coaxing of ours. He baffled, for a long time, all our attempts to secure him. The wonder is, that he did not go straight back to his old stable, as he repeatedly seemed inclined to do. At length, by the aid of a traveler, who chanced to be passing by, and by recourse to Persian stratagem, we caught the

playful creature, and vowed never to let him get away again.

When we had fairly got underway once more, we met a caravan of donkeys going down to Bushire; their approach had been announced to us sometime before by the scent of rose-water (attar, as the natives call it), with which the caravan was laden, intended for export to the Bombay market. The air was impregnated with this Eastern perfume, for we continued to be regaled with the fragrance of roses long after the caravan had passed. The sun was well up when we commenced to ascend by a zigzag path, protected by a parapet, and paved with long low steps, the Kothul-I-Dochter (the mountain of the *daughter*). It was a hard pull to the top, and we all walked. From the high table-land above we commanded an extensive prospect. Beneath us lay the shaky slab of a bridge, around which clustered memories peculiar; off in the distance stretched a lake, surrounded by swamps and hemmed in by mountains; in front of us lay the valley of the oaks (Dasht-I-Bar); at its entrance stood one of the Persian watch-towers, built of mud, close to the roadside, and manned with thuffanchees, to look after the safety of travelers. As we approached this tower we noticed a dozen or

more uncouth, desperate-looking fellows lounging around it, lazily sunning themselves, armed with every species of knife and antiquated fire-weapon, resembling more a band of freebooters and would-be assassins than the protectors of travelers and guardians of the public peace. They stared at us unmercifully, and exchanged sinister glances. We, however, disabused them of all evil intent they may have had, by addressing them familiarly, and allowing them to gratify their curiosity almost to an impertinent degree, when it did not extend to touching anything about us, a degree of familiarity that we always strenously prohibited. At the same time we sat down in the shade of their tower, and in the most unconcerned manner partook of a lunch of crackers, biscuits our English cousins would call them, and hard-boiled eggs. While engaged at hazri (light breakfast) we got some of the thuffanchees to fetch us water, and acknowledged their services with bucksheesh — a balm remarkable for its efficacy. Our short repast over, we started, with four of these wild fellows to escort us through the celebrated valley of the oaks, a picturesque spot, extensively covered with a stunted species of oak, said to harbor lions. We, however, saw nothing of the "king of beasts," but had instead, an

encounter with monstrous flies, which at the time were very trying, for they attacked with blood-thirsty appetites both man and beast. My horse was literally covered from his head to his heels with blotches of blood. Added to this, the fierce heat of the sun, and the suffocating dust raised by the weary mules, dragging their feet along through the well-worn paths, produced sensations which I feared would result unfavorably with my wife and child. The little fellow had been exceedingly good on the journey thus far, giving us less trouble than a much older person might have done. This long march, however, the jolting of the kajaveh on the back of the mule, together with the flies and heat, used up his stock of patience, and he cried to get down and walk. At length, not far from noon, after plodding up a steep ascent that seemed to have no end, over loose stones and debris interminable, we reached a point half way up the mountain, and were gladdened by the sight of Mian-I-Kothul (middle of the mountain), a solid-built caravansary right in front of us, perched upon a commanding ledge, 6,500 feet above sea level, without the sign of a habitation about,—a fit place for a gang of marauders to entrap and overpower the resting traveler, and the heavily laden caravan. We

could get nothing here to eat, but of this we were forewarned, and brought everything necessary with us. The little room we occupied swarmed with mosquitoes, against which pest, however, we had taken good precaution to be protected, by stretching out the large mosquito-net that we had brought with us. Under this we sat and ate our meal, a sort of combination of breakfast and dinner, and wished that our net could only shield us as effectually from other animals of the lower order of creation. Despite all annoyances we had no difficulty in sleeping soundly. Towards evening we were aroused by a great noise out in the court of the caravansary, as though some one were being murdered. I rushed out to see what was the matter. It seems that my new servant, whom I had taken on at Kazerun, found that some of his clothes and other articles were missing, and suspected the muleteers of having torn open and rifled his bag while we were marching in the darkness of the past night, as he had committed his effects to their care. For daring to suspect them, these mule-owners, always a hard, vagabond set, fell upon the poor fellow, and amid cries and shouts, which echoed roundly among the niches of the caravansary and the dark mountain-sides about, they commenced

thrashing him. This it was that had aroused us, and but for my timely intervention, might have proved a serious affair for the servant, as they had already drawn blood. I immediately had recourse to a salutary use of the whip, and from the enraged manner in which I went at them, the assailants feared that my weapon might be suddenly converted into something more dangerous, as they were well aware that I had a revolver. The result was, that the strife was forthwith abandoned.

As the next march was a comparatively short one, leading over ground rising to a great elevation, and extensively wooded, we decided to get all the sleep we could out of the night, and so did not start till dawn the next day. The air was beautifully cold and bracing, and by the aid of the thuffanchees we had procured from a distant village the night before, for our escort, we made rapid progress in spite of the steepness of our path. Shortly after sunrise we gained the summit of the mountain, whose ascent we had been making ever since the day before, called the Kothul-I-Pirezan, the mountain of the old woman, doubtless, the mother of Kothul-I-Dochter, which we came up the day before. We had now attained an elevation of 8,000 feet above the sea. Back of us lay the

Persian Gulf, some seventy-five miles in a straight course; between it and us lay a perfect sea of hills and mountains, rising higher and higher, as though terraced all the way up to our height. In front rose a range of mountains a thousand odd feet above us, the highest peaks

AN ENCAMPMENT OF GIANTS.

gleaming with snow, made brilliant in the sunlight. In the distance, and to one side of these mountains, stretched a valley, completely shut in, evidently once the bed of a mountain lake, as traces of it are still visible in the half lake, half swamp that we saw extended out below, with no apparent outlet, and fed by streams

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from the melting snows. All around the lake, and stretching back to the hillsides, was spread out a perfect carpet of velvet green, checkered over with daisies and other wild flowers. There were cattle grazing about in numbers, evidently belonging to a party of Eliantes, a tribe of nomads, encamped in black tents distinctly seen from our high position. Beyond, and at the further end of the valley, lay nestled the village of Dasht-I-Arjin (plain of the wild almond), where the new telegraph office formed the most conspicuous object, and where our projected arrival had been announced by the telegraph, two days before. We now had to make a descent of nearly three thousand feet, right down into the valley below us. My wife easily and quickly managed this on the new horse, who seemed to take delight in going over the worst portions of the road, while I, on the other horse, had to move more cautiously, having our little child in my lap. The valley was at length reached in safety by the whole caravan, and we made rapid progress past an old caravansary, crossed a rapid stream of beautiful water which flows out of a perpendicular ledge of rocks, forming the chief tributary to the lake, and skirted a number of well-cultivated fields, till at length we reached the town and telegraph

office, after one of the pleasantest and easiest marches we made in Persia, a great contrast to the one of the day before. The young Armenian in charge of the telegraph office received us cordially, placed a room at our disposal, offered us tea, and soon had breakfast ready for us. We ate and slept, and thoroughly enjoyed the cool air. Our host was greatly interested in showing us his method of raising partridges (derraj, the Persians call them), a pursuit which enabled him to while away pleasantly many a lonely hour, too many of which unfortunately fall to the lot of these poor fellows. In the first place he had to secure the eggs of the partridge, which he told me were to be found at the right season in abundance, laid away in nests on the slopes of the hills around. These he would bring home, and place under an old, affectionately-disposed hen, which he would select out of his poultry-yard. In this way he had raised several broods, in each instance the hatching hen being sorely tried by the wild frolicsomeness of her unmanageable brood. That afternoon we decided, against our wishes, to hasten on to a caravansary some three farsakhs distant, as by so doing we should be able the next day to reach Shiraz. Our host secured for us six thuffanchees, whom he said

we should need as a protection on the road, against the much-feared lion. He also furnished us some fine wild honey for our journey, which had full justice done it, especially by our little boy. Our course was at first an ascending one, through scrubby oaks and stunted undergrowth, which seemed to harbor numbers of partridges, so tame as to allow us to come close upon them, and which were constantly fired at by our thuffanchees, but with very little success. In the highest and wildest portion of the road, we came upon a watch-tower, where our escort declared they would leave us. I told them that by so doing they would forfeit their pay, and promised them a good bucksheesh if they would accompany us further; but no, they would not do it on any account, saying that night was approaching, and they must get back home before dark! Finding me unmoved by their entreaties and threats, they abandoned us, breathing maledictions upon our heads. We now began to descend through a wild tract of country, till we got down to a large, rapid stream, which we crossed by a good substantial bridge. Here night overtook us, and we groped our way along for an hour or more, when, to our joy, we came upon the lonely caravansary of Khan-I-Zenion. We pounded away at the

door till we got the keeper to let us in, whereupon a plain supper was soon got ready for us, consisting of dry Persian bread, made palatable by honey and draughts of hot tea. Thus refreshed, and the inner man satisfied, we threw ourselves upon the paved floor of one of the side cells, and were soon wrapped in oblivion.

HIGHWAY ROBBERS AND MURDERERS, IN CONFINEMENT AT SHIRAZ.

Early the next morning, marking the tenth day of our march up from Bushire, while the air was still uncomfortably cool, we started. The first object that attracted our attention was a post embedded in the ground, with a piece of parchment fastened on it, giving an account of an Englishman, connected with the telegraph,

who had gone by that way some months previous, accompanied by his Armenian wife, attendants, and caravan, and who was suddenly waylaid by a band of robbers, whom he resisted, and with his revolver shot two of them. This so exasperated their fellows that they fell upon him in their rage, and killed him. Near this spot we were met by a richly dressed, well-armed Persian, riding a fine white horse, attended by armed and mounted followers, who acknowledged our approach with a polite salam, and informed us that he had come out that distance from Shiraz, to meet some friends he was expecting up from Bushire. A few miles further on, the road grew more rough, and defiled through narrow desolate ravines, where, aided by radiation, the sun seemed to be endowed with a preternatural intensity. In the narrowest and wildest portion of the road, we passed by several mounds on each side of our pathway, with bones protruding from them, bleached white in the sunlight. These bones, we were told, belonged to the feet and legs of a dozen desperadoes, caught in highway robbery. They were summarily dealt with by the governor of Shiraz; small pits were dug in the ground in this lonely spot, and into these pits the robbers were thrust alive, head downwards, and slack-

ing lime poured upon them, till the pits were full; to this some earth was added, making slight mounds, leaving the feet and ankles exposed. Such severe judgment, meted out in a desolate spot along the roadside, selected for the part it was likely to play upon the imagination of the passer-by, was held to be a good and impressive way of giving publicity to the hard lot of transgressors, and to remind travelers that law and order were not altogether things of the past, though falling short of those delightful times when the celebrated unalterable laws of the Medes and Persians gave peace and plenty to that sunny land. We were glad to stop at noon, for rest and refreshment, at the caravansary of Chenar Rhardar, close by a bridge over a large, clear stream of water, on the verge of an extensive plain, hemmed in by mountains, and dotted with fields and gardens, clustering around the city of Shiraz, which was in full view, six miles distant. We now felt like congratulating ourselves on the success of our march from Bushire, having accomplished one hundred and seventy-five miles in ten nights' marchings, and which but for the break of one night at Kazerun would have been consecutive ones. By four o'clock in the afternoon, we were again on the way. We were greatly

pleased with the prospect all about, — of fields, gardens, and villas, — affording a pleasant contrast, in the life and activity these displayed, to the lonely tracts we had been traversing. On the outskirts of the city, we were met by a Persian horseman, with the Alli-cum-salam (salutation) of his master, a rich merchant, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction. The horseman escorted us into the city, through streets we took to be principal ones, and which were nothing but dark, narrow passage-ways; in fact, we had to dismount from our horses and mules and walk, dodging men and animals, to the imminent risk of being trodden upon, or crushed. At length we came to a small door, which communicated with an open court. Here we were told that we should find apartments, placed at our disposal by our merchant host, together with a corps of African slaves to do our bidding. On entering, we were conducted to the floor above, into a room surrounded by walls of variegated glass of different patterns; here was seated our host, Hajee Mirza Mahomed Alli, with trays of sweetmeats and flowers and attar of roses, prepared to receive us, which he did, in all the obsequiousness of Persian style, and manifested great concern lest we should want for any comfort. That night we were

treated to a regular Persian feast, composed of meats, the best called kabobs, curries, highly-seasoned rice (pilâu), pistachio nuts, almonds, and raisins. We made a stay here of five days, which afforded us an opportunity to rest, and to form an acquaintance with the place. Shiraz is a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, the old Athens of Persia, and capital of the southern district, Farsistan. It contains a few large, fine buildings, mostly on the outskirts of the city, surrounded by gardens well laid out, and interspersed with pretty tanks and fountains. It prides itself in possessing the tombs of the two great Persian poets, Sadi and Hafiz, names held in high estimation by their countrymen.

The bazars of this city, covered in their entire extent with high, graceful arches, to exclude the sun, were the largest we had yet seen. In contrast with all this, were the extensive ruins which everywhere met the eye, showing what the city must have been in the time of Shah Abbas, surnamed the Great; when princes were proud to attend any one of its ten Madressas (universities); when order was maintained by the Afghan cavalier, patrolling its thronged streets; when the tents of armies dotted the adjoining plain; when the bazars contained rich, abundant supplies; when five hundred cotton-weaving estab-

lishments, and others for the manufacture of Persian rugs, gave employment to thousands of hands; when its Aub-Gul (rose-water) and its wines found a demand in all the Eastern markets, and when the fields for miles around, rich in cotton, tobacco, opium, fruits, wheat, and other cereals, added to the wealth of the citizen, and enriched the revenues of the State.

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARE FOR LEAVING SHIRAZ. — EXPERIENCE WITH OUR GROOM. — MARCH OUT OF THE CITY. — HOT MARCH TO SIYUND. — ARRIVAL AT KOUOUMABAD. — RENEGADE CHARVADAR. — CALL ON THE SHAH'S CAVALRY OFFICER. — MARCH WITH THE CAVALRY TO DEHBID.

ON the 14th of June, we decided to begin our further march. We bade adieu to the half-dozen Europeans stationed at Shiraz in connection with the telegraph, and whose acquaintance we had made during our short stay there. We got our bundles and effects all packed, and waited for our caravan of mules to put in their appearance. We had dismissed our old ones that accompanied us up from Bushire, and in their stead hired a new set to take us as far as Ispahan (three hundred miles), at thirty-five kerans (one and one-half pounds nearly) per mule. As they failed to turn up within the time they had faithfully specified, we manifested no small degree of uneasiness. Upon this, our host, the mirza, smiled, remark-

ing that it was the custom in Persia to take plenty of time to accomplish anything, and, that if the caravan did not come to-day, it would to-morrow. At this juncture, my groom, or syce, as he is called, came to me to say that one of my horses needed shoeing badly, and that if I would give him the money he would get the

WRITING THE AGREEMENT OF MARRIAGE.

horse shod. I scolded him for postponing to the eleventh hour what ought to have been done before, and for which he had had an abundance of time. The excuse he gave for neglecting his duties was that he had been wholly taken up with settling a little domestic affair of his. This, in order to be understood, requires some explanation. He had brought up his wife,

against my wishes, from Bushire, and on the march informed me that, as his better (?)-half could not walk, I must provide her with a beast to ride on. This I emphatically refused to do. He declared that in that case he should throw up my service. Fearing that if he carried out his threat I should be left without any one to care for my horses on the road, I partially complied, by advancing a small sum against his wages. He added an amount of his own to this, and for one pound sterling bought a donkey for his wife to ride on, which, by the way, he utilized fully as much, if not more, than his wife did. On reaching Shiraz, his wife's home, the latter declined going on any further, being sick of traveling, and still more sick of him. This provoked the husband, and ended in a separation, amounting to a divorcement, as we understand it. Such divorcements are very common in Persia, and are brought about with the same facility with which their marriage contracts are formed; — the latter consisting in the signing of a paper by the parties concerned, the former in the tearing and destroying of the same. It was the adjusting of this "domestic occurrence" that my servant gave as an excuse for having had no time to attend to his duties. After a short absence, the groom returned, stating that

he had got the horse shod. On going to see for myself how well the work had been done, I found that the horse had simply had his hoofs filed, the syce having used the money I gave him towards settling the dispute between himself and wife. I dismissed the fellow on the spot, and very fortunately was able to secure in his place a younger and more efficient man. In lieu of the various sums of money the old groom owed me, I seized his donkey, although that piece of property hardly covered all of his debts. In the meantime, our caravan of mules had arrived, to our great relief, and just at dusk we bade our merchant host adieu, thanking him for his many kind attentions, which were all the more appreciated as he declined to be compensated for his trouble. After winding through the tortuous lanes and dark bazars, dimly lighted by the shop-lamps, we passed out of the northern, or Ispahan, gate, accompanied by our host's slaves, whom he sent to escort us beyond the city limits. Hardly had we got outside, when my old groom suddenly appeared, with a club in his hand, attended by two Persian soldiers, wearing a faded uniform, trimmed with brass buttons. The latter seized the donkey, while the former, in excited, insolent gestures, called on the passers-by to join in and help him get back his

stolen property, exclaiming that the feringhi was marching off with his donkey. It was indeed fortunate that I had the slave escort, for they shoved the soldiers aside, gave the groom a good thrashing, and, dragging the donkey out of the crowd, saw us safely to a spot several hundred yards beyond, close to an immense garden, called the Baghi Masjidi Burdi, which supplies the city with most of its fruits. Here, in a quiet place, we stopped; for, to our surprise, we discovered that Gopal, our Indian servant, was missing. What had become of him no one could say, but we concluded that he had either got lost while we were making our way out of the city, and that, being unable to speak the Persian language, he was then wandering about the bazars, in the vain hope of finding the right road, and so regain us, or that the old groom had waylaid him, after the severe handling he had received from us, and was going to get his revenge out of the Hindoo. On a moment's reflection, I ordered two of the slaves to go back and quickly bring Gopal, while we awaited their return in suspense. Half an hour thus elapsed, almost in silence, in our efforts to catch the first sounds of our returning men. At last there was a shout, and Gopal appeared, almost as relieved to see us as we were to see him. It

seems that, while our caravan was marching out of the city, some bystander saw our lantern hanging down in a tempting position from the back of one of the loaded mules. The rascal improved his chance by cutting the fastening and appropriating the lantern. This quiet act of robbery would have proved perfectly successful had it not been observed by Gopal. He straightway followed the fellow to a house close to the one in which we had been living; his next step was to go in pursuit of our host, to whom he narrated the circumstances, whereupon the merchant followed Gopal to the house he pointed out, and was there shown the culprit inside. The fellow, on being accused of stealing, denied the charge; but our host, thinking Gopal's statement was more likely to be true, threatened the fellow, and finally induced him to deliver up the stolen property. This it was that had detained Gopal. Thus, at length, after weary delays and vexations, we had the coast made clear for pursuing our journey in peace; so, presenting each of our African attendants with a bucksheesh, on no occasion better deserved, and thanking them for their faithfulness, we began our night's march to Zargun. At first the road was bordered by gardens, watered mostly by the little stream of

Roknabad; after, however, passing through the defile of Tengi Allah Akbar, we plunged into the sands and solitary wastes that lined the pathway, and had simply the telegraph wire for our guide. We passed several caravans on the way, showing that the road was used more than the one on the Bushire side. One of these caravans was a party belonging to the household of the Shiraz Governor, or Shahzadah. These were accompanied with many attendants, heavily armed, both on horse and foot. Besides these, there was a long train of mules and donkeys, loaded with tents, cooking vessels, and other necessaries, which raised a suffocating dust. That which interested us most, however, was a takht-i-ravan, the first we had seen. It was borne past us on the back of two mules, *a la* tandem style,—one being ahead of the other, and harnessed into shafts, which held up the body of the takht-i-ravan, not unlike a palanquin in appearance. Inside was seated one of the Governor's young wives, attended by maid servants, and heavily adorned with jewels, we noticed by the light of the torches; and she certainly seemed to be taking the journey very comfortably. Had we only known more about this machine of travel, and how much more convenient it was than the kajaveh, as one could

lie down or sit up in it as he chose, we should have endeavored to get one before leaving Bushire, although we learned that they were not always to be found ready for sale. At early

A TAKHT-I-RAVÁN OF A PRINCESS ACCOMPANIED WITH ATTENDANTS.
[From a Persian Ink-Sketch.]

dawn we reached the mud village of Zargun, and put up in the chapar khonneh, or post-house, —a new institution to us, consisting of a small room built over a large door, which communicates with a square, open court inside, where

several horses are kept stabled, ready to carry at short notice any messenger or traveler to the next post-house, some dozen miles away. Such stations are located at varying intervals, averaging fifteen miles, where other and fresh horses are obtained. There are only a few of these post-house arrangements in Persia, radiating from the capital, Teheran; but, wherever they are established, they are a great convenience for letter-carriers and lightly-equipped travelers. I was told that this chapar system extended from Teheran to Shiraz,—the road we were traveling,—and from Teheran to Resht, also to Tabriz, and beyond towards Constantinople; then again, from Teheran to Hamadan, and from Teheran to Yezd, via Kashan. Travelers proceeding by these routes, and anxious to get over the ground quickly, make use of these relays of horses, paying for the privilege at the rate of one keran (a franc) per farsakh. This method of procedure is called traveling by chapar; and Persians, like Arabs, being good horsemen, often travel by chapar over one hundred and twenty miles a day for ten and twelve days consecutively. We shall always retain a favorable recollection of the chapar khonnehs, in spite of their inmates of flies, fleas, and mosquitoes, not to mention occasional scorpions and tarantulas.

as there we found convenient shelter during most of our long Persian journey. On our arrival at a chapar khonneh, we got the chaparchee, or keeper of the place, to give the bala khonneh (our word balcony), the upper room, a thorough sweeping. We then spread down upon the floor "railway rugs" and a heavy quilt; above these we suspended a mosquito-net, almost as large as the room itself, by fastening it at the four corners to nails that we drove into the walls. Under this netting we crawled, and ate, read, and slept, like so many caged specimens of natural history. For most of our comfort and sleep, we are indebted to that old netting, worthy of being handed down as an heir-loom. Zargun is an uninteresting spot, located at the base of a bare, rocky ridge, which radiates the heat fearfully. We were not sorry to leave it, that same afternoon, after a few hours spent in sleep. Our march led us across an immense low plain, evidently fertile, but without a sign of life throughout its whole extent, and along a causeway, which we were told was built in the past centuries to render the plain passable in wet weather. Finally, we came to the foot of a massive old bridge, of curious shape, the middle being at a great height above the ends, so that to cross it one had to ascend at a sharp angle for

some fifty feet, and then down again on the other side. This bridge was thrown across the rapid, turbulent Bundemir, thus celebrated in song by Tom Moore: —

"There's a bower of roses by Bundemir's stream,
And the nightingale sings around it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood it was like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget;
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year
I think — is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bundemir?"

We saw no roses, nor heard the faintest echo of the nightingale, but were painfully impressed with the solitude about, which only tended to heighten our sense of insecurity, and aggravate the unpleasant forebodings we entertained in connection with the weary nights and days of marching before us. We were well along into the night when we approached the village of Kinnareh, where we found the inhabitants given up at that late hour to mirth, music, and dancing, in honor of a wedding; our arrival, however, made us the temporary centre of attraction, to the evident neglect of the wedding ceremonies. The men and boys gathered about us, while the women took to the flat roofs around, hanging on to the very eaves like so many monkeys. Some of them, watching their chance, quietly

slipped down, and got about my wife and child, felt of their clothes, their shoes, passed their hands over their heads and arms, somewhat to the disgust of the little fellow, who resorted to a generous use of the whip, doubtless from force of example, and at length seemed satisfied that we belonged to the same genus that they did. We found the people very hospitable; some went off and got us goat's milk, others eggs, and bread consisting of large thin cakes, while others still, cleared out a big room in one of their houses, and offered it to us. We declined this last favor, preferring to sleep out in the open air, with the bright heavens for our canopy, to being smothered beneath a smutty roof, and fed upon all night by the diminutive pests of this country; and thus we passed the night, almost within the shadows of Takht-I-Jemshid, the throne of Cyrus, otherwise called Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, the seat once of so much pomp, splendor, and imperial despotism, compared with whose hoary age Nineveh and Babylon are but modern. Persepolis, like Baalbec, is reported to have been built by genii, under the direction of Jhan bin Jhan, a monarch and giant, who flourished *before* Adam, and who constructed this city for the purpose of holding in its massive vaults

THE REMAINS OF TWO PORTALS AND TWO COLUMNS OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF PERSEPOLIS.

untold treasures. We visited the solitary ruins in the morning, and ascended an imposing flight of slab steps, such as a squad of horse might march up with ease, and which led to the platform, or floor, of the palace proper, fifteen hundred feet long by nine hundred and thirty-six feet wide, built in the form of a terrace, from out of the side of a high, rocky chain, and covered with the débris of broken, fluted columns, bits of sphynxes, bass-reliefs of chariots, horsemen, kings, queens and their attendants, in a variety of costumes, warriors in coats of mail, forlorn captives, implements of war, vessels for royal banquets, &c., &c. In sight of all these remnants of the aged past, and with the imagination wrought up to a high pitch, we sat down to a cold breakfast, under the shade of the immense palace entrance, made up of two man-headed bulls, with wings, flanked by towering, imposing columns, now mostly in ruins, but said to have numbered a full hundred once. And there, facing an extensive plain, with a grand, commanding outlook, we easily fancied ourselves confronting armies, such as Cyrus, Xerxes, and Alexander delighted in, accompanied with chariots dashing past, drawn by Turcoman horses, and driven by Arabs, followed by trains of wretched captives, marched before the drawn

swords, and taunted by the indecent gibes of a brutish soldiery, the whole interspersed with messengers, flying hither and thither with imperative orders, while strains of martial music, the crowded bazars, the thronged tournaments, the coarse revelry of the officers, and the licentious banquetings of the princes in the halls about us, all combined, went to make up the every-day life at this Eastern metropolis. We were hastened away from these impressive ruins by our guides, who feared the wild, desolate character of the region about. After a long, weary march through the narrow, hot valley of Polvar, the chief tributary of Bundemir, with a sun seemingly bent on doing his utmost to smite us, as after results proved, in the case of our little boy, we arrived, begrimed with dust, and fainting from the want of a proper meal, at the town of Sivund, built up along the side of a mountain, presenting a curious sight, the upper houses looking as though they would slide down upon the lower ones. Here we gained shelter in a room on the second floor of a house fitted up as a telegraph office, but now vacant, as the European in charge was away on leave. There were portions of "Harper's Weekly," and envelopes bearing United States obliterated stamps, lying about, which led us to surmise that the

inspector here might have been an American. If true, no wonder he was away on leave; for his life here must have been a repetition of Alexander Selkirk's. It seemed an age before our servants got us a warm meal ready, and when they did succeed, the food showed that they too were worn out, as it lacked care and proper cooking. We had planned to be well on our march by dawn the next morning, but the muleteers ran off with their mules, and refused to leave Sivund till the day following, as their homes, we found, were in this village. I managed, however, by threats, and a good show of the whip, to get the fellows to return with their mules, and place their packs upon them. The sun was well up before we got started, and fearing the consequences of another hot march, such as our yesterday's had proved, we felt compelled to stop, much to my disgust, before we had gone five miles, at the chapar khouneh of Korrumalad, near the small village of the same name, in a quiet, picturesque spot, hemmed in between mountains, and not far from the ruins of what had been once a large town, but now a picture of desolation. This town had evidently extended up the side of a rocky chain, as the broken walls indicated, and terminated near a large cave half way up the ridge, conspicuous from a

distance by its huge mouth, forming the citadel of the place, large enough, I was told, to contain two thousand camels, a curious method of estimating dimensions. Much against the wishes of my guides, I turned off from the road and cantered away to the cave. After a few minutes' steep climbing for the horse, I rode up into it, gaining a fine view from its immense entrance, and observed that its size had been considerably exaggerated, though its former dimensions may have been narrowed down by the accumulation of débris. We stopped at Korrumabad that day, and were not a little troubled about our little boy, who began to show signs of great prostration. During the day, the kedkhodah, or chief of the village, called upon me, and said that the next stage was an exceptionally bad one, as it lay along a desolate valley, and through a dangerous defile; therefore, he strongly advised me to take a good escort before starting on in the night. In reply, I showed him a general letter that I had brought from the Shahzadah, or governor, of Shiraz, to the head men of the different townships through which we might pass, bidding them render me all necessary help, and see that no harm came to my party. On reading the official document through, and examining the seal, he promised,

very obsequiously, to have ten armed men ready by night to attend my caravan, and assured me, as a proof of his great concern for us in this matter, that he himself would accompany us on horseback over the worst of the road. His promise was ratified by a solemn oath. Night came, but none of the promised guards appeared. I sent a servant over to the village to ask the kedkhodah where the thuffanchees were that were to attend me. The servant shortly returned, stating that the village gates were bolted for the night, and although he pounded away on them, and called at the top of his voice, no one heeded him; so he returned, half frightened at the silence his noise in the darkness had disturbed. There was no alternative but to start out unaccompanied. It was now fully midnight, when one after another the mules and attendants filed out, groping their way back to the regular path that we had left in the morning, while I, annoyed by vague forebodings of impending evil, with a revolver in my pocket, and a heavy whip in my hand, brought up on horseback the rear of the caravan, with feelings not easily described. My child had begun to show symptoms of cholera; my servants became depressed, and acted like cowards; my muleteers grew impudent, demanded backsheesh, or, in failure of

compliance with their unjust demands, threatened to throw off the loads from their mules' backs, and abandon us to fate and the mountain-side, while before us lay a rough, wild path, frequented by robbers and hyenas. We must have marched on slowly and silently for over an hour, when suddenly one of the muleteers turned around and declared that he was going on no further! Fearing the consequences of this man's mutinous spirit on the rest of the party, and that this might be the beginning of some plot or rascality, I dismounted, gave my horse over into the charge of my faithful Indian servant, and followed the renegade charvadar back several yards, demanding his reasons for deserting us at so inopportune a moment. He had none to give. Feeling that I had no time to lose, and though doubting the propriety of laying hands on one physically my superior, I felt the importance of quick, decisive action. Sudden as thought, I gave one bound, seized the fellow by his neck, and knocked him down; this I followed up with heavy, rapid strokes from my whip, threatening to use the revolver, if he did not submit immediately and unconditionally. He cringed under the severity of my treatment, dragged himself up on his knees, and begged for mercy with cries that pierced through the

gloom of the ravines, and echoed wildly among the mountain crags. These sounds naturally gave rise to thoughts and feelings in my wife, who was already some distance ahead, of fearful anxiety, while they drew the chatvadar's companions away from the plodding mules to the "scene of action," and I feared would attract others, also, who might be in the neighborhood, and party to the plot, if such there was, but whose presence would certainly not be at all desirable. Seeing the fellow I had just thrashed completely brought under, and not knowing what his mates might do, I seized the nearest one approaching me, and commenced operating upon him. Noticing in me an embodiment of all that was desperate, the man cried out for mercy, and gave in completely. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten,—those uncouth, desperate-looking muleteers, each more than a physical match for me, quietly turning around, resuming the line of march, and promising implicit obedience for the future. The dawn found us defiling through a pass of great wildness and beauty, so narrow as to admit of no passage between the perpendicular cliffs and the turbulent stream below, called Kurab (water of Cyrus), through which we might work our way out; and, in default of any natural outlet, a passage-way, of no small

magnitude, was hewn out of the solid rock, and ascribed by some to Alexander, when in pursuit of the discomfited Darius. However true this may be, the causeway bears the marks of great age, and from it we gained an outlook ahead, of the famous plain of Pasargadæ, upon which we arrived very abruptly on leaving the mountain gorge. Just in front of us was a small village and a conspicuous white marble tomb, the former taking its name from the latter, viz., Mader-I-Suleiman, or Mother of Solomon, though wrongly so called, as the mother of Solomon, it is claimed, was not buried here, but Cyrus, whose epitaph, according to Strabo, reads thus: "O man! I am Cyrus, son of Cambyses, founder of the Persian Empire and sovereign of Asia: therefore grudge me not this sepulchre." I ascended the blocks of white marble by seven huge steps, rising up in the form of a pyramid, and entered the sarcophagus, or tomb-vault, built of great solidity, and containing trinket offerings. From above were suspended ostrich eggs, the Mohammedan symbol of resurrection, which showed that the sepulchre was used as a place of worship; in fact, the spot had been regarded as holy ground for ages past, and was visited by devotees from a distance. Fearing that I had been indiscreet in going up into

Cyrus's tomb with my shoes on, right in sight of the whole village, I quickly retraced my steps, and rejoined my caravan. We passed, further on, the ruins of what had been magnificent marble columns, fluted pillars, arches, gateways, substantial walls, &c., — the remnants of Cyrus's palace and ancient Pasargadæ, the powerful rival of its sister city, Persepolis.

The sun and fatigue now began to make themselves felt. It seemed as though we could not possibly drag ourselves over the two miles still left before we should reach our manzil (resting-place). At this moment, we spied a lot of black tents, which came into view from behind a hillock, crowned with the débris of many ruins. My Persian servant, Hoseïn by name, always the first to show signs of cowardice, often in anticipation of some evil that did not happen, eyed them with a great deal of suspicion, and, turning to me, exclaimed: "I always dread the sight of yonder tents; they are black like Shytan (Satan), and are the 'Shytan's own,' being inhabited by the Backthiaries, a nomadic tribe, descendants of the ancient Arabs. The fellows rob and kill, and are the curse of this country. Why! there is a man you see just coming along the road yonder with a donkey, two goats, and a lot of chickens, the

fruit of that rascal's raid last night!" He had no sooner uttered these words, than three large, strapping fellows jumped up out of one of the tents, and, with gestures and shouts, came running towards us. There ensued a moment of suspense, while we waited to learn what the men intended. As soon as they came up, they asked who I was. My servant replied, "Hukkim Sahib," *i. e.*, doctor! "Then your sahib is just the person we want!" they exclaimed. My attendants eyed each other suspiciously. The fellows went on to state that one of their men lay dying in their encampment, and that they wanted the sahib, with whom Allah is propitious, to come and give him some of the feringhee's wonderfully efficacious medicine. My men looked at me with an expression of doubt, as much as to say, this may be a *ruse* to inveigle the sahib away from the caravan, and get him into their hands, while to decline going with the Arabs would give offence, and might lead to serious results. However, acting on a happy thought that occurred to me at the moment, I said, "Allah helping me, I will cure your man, but you must bring him to Meshed-I-Moorgarb, some two miles distant, to the chapar khoneh there." They at first manifested considerable disappointment, but said they would

comply with my request. When at length we reached the end of our march, and had but just thrown ourselves down for relief upon the floor of the bala khonneh, we were informed that the sick man had arrived, stretched on the back of a donkey, accompanied by his friends, who were holding him up on each side. I found the man in a very low state. I did the best I could for him with my small stock of medicines, prescribed and put up a number of doses to last him several days, and then sent the party off, eliciting no thanks from them (they are not a grateful class), but I had evidently secured their good-will.

During all that day we had a sorry time getting rest and sleep, owing to many interruptions, the most trying being those we suffered from our sick child, who appeared to us to be in a dangerous state, thus adding sorely to our anxieties. Towards evening, my cowardly servant, Hoseïn, suggested that, in view of the long, desolate stage before us that night, I had better call upon the colonel commanding two hundred of the Shah's cavalry, encamped close by, and arrange to accompany this troop of horse, as they were to proceed that night to Dehbid, which also was to be our resting-place, and where I learned there was a telegraph

office in the charge of a European. This suggestion struck me favorably; so, mounting my horse, I rode over to the colonel's tent, where I found him reclining on a handsome Persian rug, smoking his kullian (long reed smoking-pipe), the sole occupation of most Iranees, who delight in drawing the fumes of the tobacco through water, and thence up to the mouth, causing a bubbling sound soothing to them. The colonel had a polished air about him; he received me very graciously, asked me to sit on the rug beside him, and immediately, as the essential preliminary to all proceedings, in accordance with the demands of etiquette among Eastern nations generally, he offered me the kullian. I politely declined this proffer of civility, as I had done before on similar occasions, at which my host seemed not a little surprised, and even, in some degree, felt insulted. My servant and attendants, however, interrupted the awkward pause by declaring that their sahib did not smoke *at all*, and, to prove that no insult was meant, suggested to the colonel that he offer me tea, which the Persian knows how to make to perfection. He forthwith asked me, and I as quickly replied that I should be very glad of a cup. This quite restored the colonel's spirits, and we chatted pleasantly together while sip-

ping our tea. I found that the colonel had been stationed with his troop of horse at Shiraz for the past two years; that a very large per cent. of his force had died there from disease, chiefly fever; and that now he had received orders from Teheran to return to the capital without delay. On learning my wish, he said that it would afford him great pleasure to have us accompany him, as they marched, stage by stage, along the same road with us, and that his men should receive strict orders to protect us from danger of all kinds by the way. No one seemed more delighted with this offer than poor chicken-hearted Hosein. That night the colonel sent over a horseman, at nine o'clock, to tell us that it was time to start. We were soon up and on the way again, and were greatly amused with our guard of honor, who attended us assiduously; indeed, we got so mixed up in the darkness among their ranks that it was not till dawn that we could tell where the most of our party were. The march of that night we shall ever have occasion to remember. It was exceedingly cold, while the wind blew a gale; our course lay over an immense barren plateau (sarhadd, or cold region), the highest during our whole Persian route, being some nine thousand feet above sea-level. The horsemen, poorly clad as they

were, felt the severity of the climate excessively. Many of them had to dismount and walk to keep up their circulation, others would dash past us in squads, riding rapidly till they got a mile or so ahead, then they would jump off from their horses, pull up a low, thorny shrub that grew all about, and set fire to the heap by tow, which they ignited between bits of flint and steel, their rude method of striking a light. These fires burning here and there dotted the immense plain, producing a curious sight, as the men and horses stood in a circle about them, lit up by the glare while trying to warm themselves. Whenever we approached, they would fall back and give us the best of their fire; and repeatedly, during that cold night-march of twenty-eight miles, did these poor fellows build a fire and give it up to us, only too glad if we would accept their offer, and gather close about the flames. Our poor little child, sick as he was, seemed to take great comfort in the warmth of the fire, and without a murmur stood beside us, taking everything as a matter of course, his wan features and almost transparent hands looking in the firelight still more pale and ghastly, suggesting thoughts that have burnt themselves into our memories. The colonel would frequently gallop up while we

were warming ourselves, accompanied by a few of his staff, and always attended by his kullian-bearer, carrying a ready pipe, for he smoked every few minutes on horseback, when he would make particular inquiries as to whether we were getting along all right, also whether his men were attending to us properly or not. In this connection, I would say that such disinterested kindness and attention as the colonel bestowed on us, utter strangers, during the whole of that night, presented such a contrast to what we had heretofore experienced, that it has, in a great measure, atoned for the impudence and rascality which fell to our lot from the hands of many of his countrymen during our Persian sojourn. On all that long stage from Moorgaub to Dehbid, the only sign we encountered to remind us that we were still in the land of the living was the lonely caravansary of Khonneh Kergaun, which evidently had seen its best days, and which we quickly passed by without entering, as we desired to reach the telegraph office, still some five farsakhs beyond, before the sun should have risen much above the horizon. The last few miles our progress sorely dragged; in fact, at times we seemed to make no perceptible advance at all, and it was then, overcome as we were with sleep and anxiety, that we could have

thrown ourselves down by the roadside, and slept life itself away. By eight o'clock in the morning, we reached Dehbid, noticeable from a distance by a large ruined tower, or citadel. Among its dozen miserable shanties, which composed the village, we had no difficulty in spying out the neat little telegraph quarters, — the only house surrounded by trees, and the whole enclosed within a wall. The Englishman in charge, a Mr. Eadon, came out as we approached, welcomed us to his desolate abode, and urged us to favor him, in his extreme loneliness, with our company, as he had not seen a white face for months. Our company, he remarked, would afford him a pleasant relief, and something to look back upon after we were gone. We were only too glad to accept this kind offer, as we should now be better able to make a break in our journey, for the sake of our little boy. We made a stay here of three days, which was longer than we had at first anticipated. They were the longest three days of our sojourn in Persia, for we were watching our child, as he lay tossing on his bed, or rather mattress, our minds worked up to the highest pitch of anxiety, and kept strained to their utmost while waiting for the cholera crisis, long quivering in the balance, to pass, and re-assure us of the safety of

our child. Our Persian attendants would come in, look at him, and then pass out, saying, "Inshallah (please God), he shall be restored." Allah did restore him, but for days he showed great signs of weakness. Our kind host did everything in his power to help us, placing all that he had at our disposal; and had it not been for the quiet, shelter, and the conveniences that we enjoyed at this telegraph office, combined with the cool, bracing climate, I dare not think what the consequences might have been.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVE DEHBID. — MARCH TO YEZDECAUST. — PUSH ON TO AHMINABAD. — OUTLOOK ON APPROACHING ISPAHAN. — CLIMATE. — FRUITS. — OPIUM CULTURE. — GAZ. — SHAKING MINARETS. — FIRST MISSIONARY EFFORTS. — DINING OUT AT NIGHT.

ON the third day our little one showed a decided change for the better; and, feeling that we ought to hasten on, especially as there was a good telegraph office three stages from Dehbid, we started, escorted by a dozen thuffanchees, in place of our attentive cavalrymen, who had left during the child's illness, with many expressions of regret. I need hardly say that we began our march with many misgivings. Some seventeen miles of a steady "tramp, tramp," along a most desolate region, brought us to a still more desolate caravansary; viz., that of Khonneh Khorreh, located in a long valley, utterly devoid of every sign of life, which might be appropriately termed the "valley of death," so depressing and painful were our

surroundings; not a house or a tree or a bird could be seen, and the only water within miles of us was a little spring, not yet quite dry, that oozed up out of the soil between our quarters in the chapar khonneh and the ruined caravansary opposite. Almost within call of our loop-holed walls, we had pointed out the spot where, a few weeks before, a Persian horseman, well armed, bearing dispatches and money from Shiraz to the Shah at Teheran, riding "chapar" (that is, with relays of fresh horses at every post-house), while galloping along at a rapid rate, was suddenly stopped by a gang of ruffians, stripped, and beaten to death. Such stories narrated to us, with many other adventures, by our guides, often on the spot of their occurrence, and with no little relish, were not calculated to afford solacing reflections, still less inspire confidence in our cadaverous-looking escort. However, in spite of all this, we made slow, yet perceptible progress; being piloted along by the questionable aid of our still more questionable guards, whom we hired from stage to stage, at the same time relying for greater security, in cases of emergency, upon tact, the administering of medicine, the presenting of a revolver, backed by the lashes of a whip, and, last but not least, on the all-powerful resource

of bucksheesh. Thus we plodded on, each day filled up with its own peculiar scenes, anxieties, excitements, and adventures. To our great relief, we noticed that our child was none the worse for the past march. So we started on the next night; reaching just at sunrise the pretty village of Sormak, twenty-eight miles distant, surrounded by gardens, and intersected with kanats or aqueducts of water, so common and so necessary in the inhabited portions of Persia. Here, late in the afternoon, after several strong gusts of wind, a few drops of rain, our first in Persia, fell from some dark, passing clouds. A comparatively short and pleasant march brought us the next morning past a ruined tower, like the one at Dehbid, between rows of gardens fenced in by high, ungainly mud walls, everywhere encountered in Persia, to the large town of Abadeh. We were met in the outskirts of the town by a horseman who had been sent out from the telegraph office, at the request of our kind host way back in Dehbid, who telegraphed to Abadeh, asking the party in charge there to expect us that morning. Hence the horseman, who conducted us to his master's house, a fine, large, square building, enclosing, Persian like, a pretty square court, containing a garden and a little tank of masonry for hold-

ing water. Upon this the different apartments opened; and here we found rest and hospitality at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, of the telegraph company, who did everything in their power to make us comfortable. Our little boy was improving decidedly, which relieved us from a great load of anxiety on this score. Before leaving Abadeh we procured sets of spoons cut out of goolabee (pear) wood, most elaborately and delicately carved; they are used for dipping up sherbet, or lemonade, out of a large bowl set before guests, when calling at a friend's house,—a ceremony that is quite as indispensable to a call as the kullian is among most Persians, or the offering of cigars to one another among more civilized smokers. Besides its exquisitely carved spoons, this town is famous for its seedless raisins, called khismiss, a quantity of which our generous host presented us with, and which we relished eating on our long marches. A monotonous, uninteresting march of six farsakhs, or eighteen miles, brought us the following morning from the pleasant telegraph office and its kind occupants to Shulghistan, conspicuous from a long distance for its imamzahdah, or sacred tomb of Mahomed, the son of Imaum Zein-ul-Abideen,—some saint,—crowned with a dome of brightly glazed tiles,

that glittered in the sunlight. In the court of this sacred place we took up our abode; as the large, substantial caravansary, built here by Shah Abbas, also the chapar khonneh, was filled with a motley, noisy set of soldiers and cavalrymen, who were halting from their march. Close beside us, in the court-yard of the mosque, was an extraordinary pile of something that looked wonderfully familiar. What that something was, we could not say at sight: but finally, on closer inspection, we solved the mystery, receiving some such shock as the sudden appearance of the shades of one's departed friends might be supposed to produce; for the above pile was nothing else than broken wheels, tires, axletrees, &c., belonging to unfortunate wagons that certain misguided officials in vain tried to drive from Ispahan to Shiraz. Their desperate effort was to inaugurate a new era in the method of Persian travel, — strangely supposing that the want of wheeled conveyances, and not the want of roads, was one of their poor country's sorest needs. Such idiocy is on a par with what was told me at Teheran about the postage-stamps and their dies, got up long ago at considerable expense by the Persian Government, while as yet there is no sign of a postal system anywhere in the kingdom. The wind rose towards even-

ing, accompanied with slight dashes of rain that barely wet the ground, but caused a rapid fall in temperature, rendering the atmosphere quite chilly by night.

At one o'clock the next morning, we were under way again, escorted by six thuffanchees, whom I could not induce to take us by the shorter road to Ahmmabad, and thus save in distance, as they feared the insecurity of that route, but who insisted on taking us via Yezdecaust; and, even after we had taken this road, they hardly accompanied us four miles before demanding their fee, which being refused, they skulked off in the darkness, leaving us to get along as best we could. After this, the muleteers got into a dispute among themselves about certain money matters, why and how suggested at that particular hour no one knows; and for lack of force in argument, also from the want of better weapons, each took to stoning his comrade in a manner that was unpleasant, to say the least, and finally wound up by nearly wrenching off each other's noses. The whole fight was the most ridiculous one we had witnessed. The dawn disclosed hills and plains of barrenness about us; the former rising up here and there into mountains, covered with snow, the latter stretching off into one mass of uninterrupted

solitude, save where disturbed by the lively antics of antelope, and the braying of wild asses. All on a sudden the plain that we were traversing came to a most unexpected and abrupt termination in an immense cañon, quite invisible till we approached within a few feet of its precipitous sides. The side opposite us rose up quite as abruptly as the one we stood upon, about an eighth of a mile distant; thence the plain took a fresh start, and extended on as before, as though nothing had happened. In front, and at the bottom of this chasm, or cañon, some two hundred feet deep, flowed a small stream, on both sides of which lay gardens of the deepest verdure, and fields ripe with bountiful harvests. We stood enraptured with the scene, while the singing of birds in the trees beneath, and the quiet prattle of the stream, lent additional enchantment to this remarkable oasis. This cañon is many miles in extent, and forms the boundary between ancient Media and Persia. In this oasis, wheat of such excellent quality is raised as to have given rise to a portion of the proverb, that, for a man to live a happy life, he must marry a woman from Yezd (noted for its pretty women), eat the bread of Yezdecanst, and drink the wine of Shiraz. We descended abruptly by a zigzag

path, cut out of the basalt sides, and built up at considerable expense; thence, we followed up the stream in the bottom of the cañon for a mile, when we came to a caravansary, — one of the finest we had seen, being comparatively new. Here we found the soldiers of our previous manzil quarters (they had got ahead of us in the march); so we passed over the stream by a good bridge to the other side, and entered the chapar khonneh, which we also found occupied by the officers of the soldiers who were over in the caravansary, but whom we insisted on turning out of the bala khonneh, though not without trouble. When at last we succeeded in getting the room to ourselves, we were glad to throw ourselves down and rest. However, the neighing and stamping of horses in the court-yard below, with the boisterous garrulity of their masters, added to the persistent skipping of indefatigable fleas, admitted only of a broken, irritating sleep. I must confess, we were never in a noiser or more noisome place; for, besides the above annoyances, the whole town of Yezdecaust seemed to hang just over us, — a most extraordinary sight, — giving us the benefit of a close proximity to a Persian town, with all its accumulated filth, quarreling women, bawling children, &c. This town certainly formed a

most curious sight, as seen from our quarters. It is built upon a perpendicular cliff, which rises right up from the bottom of the chasm, quite isolated from the sides of the cañon, though connected with that nearest it by a wooden drawbridge. Upon this cliff the houses are stuck like the figures on a Christmas cake, many of which rise to a giddy height, with verandahs extending out over the perpendicular sides, and looking as though the next wind would topple them over. This town bears marks of great age; and has considerable wealth, as its citizens, largely an agricultural class, have an inexhaustible treasure in the immense productive capacity of their cañon valley; then, besides this, they have been able to horde their property, and retain possession of their goods (as other towns have failed to do), owing to the exceptional facilities for so doing in their fine, natural stronghold. Yezdecaust has been notedly a sort of asylum, or citadel, for all who live anywhere in the vicinity; as within its walls, with the drawbridge hauled in, the inhabitants have scorned attack from plundering hordes of Buckthiaries and other marauding bands, while other towns, less fortunately located, have suffered severely from these repeated incursions.

Finding our quarters so disagreeable at Yez-

decaust, we determined to push on that same afternoon to Ahminabad, four farsakhs distant. We climbed up out of the cañon by a road that wound around the cliff of the town, laid out in such a manner as to expose all passers-by to the mercy of those in the houses above, so constructed in order to enable the townspeople to have control over the road in troublous times. One thing especially noticeable as we got up towards the top was the number of caves that showed their dark mouths in the perpendicular sides of the cañon, and which, we were informed, were dug out to make sheepfolds and granaries. They must have answered their purpose well, as they afforded such good security. After marching an hour, we came to a guard-house, or tower, occupied at that time by a couple of thuffanchees, one of whom seemed anxious to accompany us for the sake of the bucksheesh that Hosein, my servant, quietly informed him I was accustomed to give. He told us how unsafe the locality was, how many had been plundered in this vicinity, and hence the tower where thuffanchees were kept at government expense, night and day, to look after the safety of caravans. One of the last parties here waylaid and robbed — and he pointed out in the distance some hillocks that marked the spot — was the

British Civil Surgeon of Ispahan, who, while riding chapar, was suddenly stopped, unhorsed, stripped of every vestige of clothing, and made to march barefoot. At length the ruffians informed him that they dared not let him go, lest he should disclose what had happened, and thus lead to their apprehension; hence, they informed him that they had concluded to put him to death. He, however, took advantage of the wrangling of his captors while dividing their spoils, and escaped, under cover of the night.

It was growing dark when we reached the disconsolate-looking village of Ahminabad, largely in ruins, with an old caravansary outside the village walls, looking like a war and weather scarred veteran. We climbed up over a heap of débris into an upper room, built over a gateway, and here spent a portion of the night in deep sleep, in spite of vermin, and the noise of fellow-travelers in the court below.

The next morning found us at dawn marching close past the town of Maksudbeg, three farsakhs from our last manzil. There were numerous ruins about, and several mosques, with conspicuous domes, while the ground was cut up into kanats for irrigation, reaching immense distances. Judging from these signs, and from the unusual number of fields under

cultivation, affording the eye a delightful change, as contrasted with the past, we concluded that we were getting into more inhabited districts. It was not till we were faint, sunburnt, and thoroughly worn out that we reached Kuneshah, after a march that seemed as though it would never end, along the base of an interminable chain of rocks, which radiated the heat, and kept off all wind. When at length the town was reached, and our caravan with their packs on their backs had barely managed to squeeze themselves inside the city gates, we felt a sort of reaction come over us from the strain of the long march, and could hardly muster strength enough to drag ourselves up to the telegraph office. Here we received a kind welcome from the occupants, — a Mr. Glover, with his family, and assistants. Tea was prepared, which we fully appreciated; and, after getting a little restored, we went over to the chapar khonneh, where our effects had preceded us, and were not long in getting to sleep. That evening we went over again to the telegraph office, and dined with the Glovers, who expressed great regret at their inability to entertain us; but their present quarters were very small, and those under construction for them were not yet ready for occupation. It was late before we retired to our room in the chapar

khonneh, the time spent in conversation having gone by faster than we were aware of; and many were the curious anecdotes, and much the information, that our hosts were able to impart to us as the result of their long and varied Persian experience.

A short sleep and a few hasty swallows of hot tea fitted us for our long, monotonous march of six farsakhs to Mazar, — a place we reached after eight hours' steady plodding, and found it mostly made up of ruins, among them a dilapidated caravansary, the largest we had seen, capable of sheltering hundreds of travelers. We were accommodated here in the bala khonneh of the post-house. That evening, as advised by our friends in Kumeshah, I sent out into the town to procure thuffanchees for our next march. Some half a dozen miserable-looking specimens of humanity appeared; but positively refused to accompany us, unless paid in full before starting, — a proposition I would not by any means countenance, especially as they wanted double the amount that was their due. They finally came down in their exorbitant demands to what was a fair charge; and, in consideration of this, I conceded to their requisition, and advanced them, though not without misgivings, the entire sum I had agreed upon.

We started early that night, as our next stage was to be a double march of nine farsakhs, which would bring us to Ispahan. Before we had gone many miles, I noticed, while lagging behind, a fellow strangely skulking about us, whom we managed to catch. He manifested surprise at first on seeing a feringhi; but the only reply that the servants could get out of him went to show that he was a poor traveler, journeying along our way, and was following us for the sake of protection. Already one of our thuffianchees had turned aside in the darkness and gone back, before we were aware of the desertion; the others, evidently hoping to follow suit, gradually passed on ahead, slowly quickening their step, till finally they were quite out of hearing, when they moved off several yards to one side of the road, and threw themselves down upon the ground. They were apparently fast asleep when we came up; and would have kept up this feint, and have allowed us to pass them by unnoticed, had I not happened to spy them, from my position in the rear, evidently on the point of starting up and returning home. I rushed into their midst with my horse and whip, and drove them ahead, compelling them in the future to stay close by us. The road now began to assume a more rough, wild character,

and entered a notch surrounded by dark, forbidding-looking hills, as they loomed up in the night against the sky. While plodding along in the midst of a rough, steep pass, which apparently descended into a low valley beyond, the whole gang of our escort bolted up the side of a hill, and we saw them no more. Deeming a pursuit after them worse than useless, we pressed on, our poor horses and mules often stumbling and floundering in the dark, owing to the excessively rough path; passed the walls of a gloomy caravansary, Marg by name, rendered more gloomy in the blackness of the night, suggesting thoughts that savored of rapine and bloodshed; and began a steady, long, winding ascent, whose great length was gradually revealed to us in the gray of dawn stretching away off and up into uncertain haziness. No signs of life, beauty, or fertility interposed to relieve the surrounding desolation, while the stillness of death covered as with a dark shroud every object within our range of sight. When at length the full brightness of the morning shone forth, — the morning of the sixteenth day out from Shiraz, — we found ourselves upon the summit of a hill commanding a scene that suddenly burst forth before us, which we could with difficulty believe was not the product of

some magician's wand, — a scene which could have but few equals, and in the contemplation of which our weary night marches, sickening anxieties, and anticipated dangers vanished into temporary oblivion. Spread out beneath us lay Ispahan, the old capital of Persian monarchs, distinguished in song and prose. Its Mohammedan mosques and its Armenian cathedrals reflected the rising sun from their glazed and gilded domes. Its marble palaces, inlaid with variegated stone; its porcelain-checkered caravansaries and far-famed madressas (universities); its paved streets, bordered with aged poplars, and parted in the midst by rows of fountains; its extensive bazars; its massive arched bridges; the famous shaking minarets; its still more famous Guebres' fire temples; its irrigating kanats; its gardens; its orchards of apricots, plums, and peaches; its unsurpassed vineyards; and its magnificent ruins, — all combine to make a picture and produce impressions never to be effaced.

Ispahan, under Shah Abbas the Great, so the Persians boast, numbered one million inhabitants; its encircling walls gave a circumference of twenty-four miles, containing one hundred and sixty mosques, forty-eight universities, eight hundred caravansaries, two hundred and seventy-three hummams (public baths), and twelve

cemeteries; its bazars could furnish every article then obtainable in the remotest corners of trade; it was the chief commercial emporium between Cabul and India on one side, and Turkey and Egypt on the other. In fact, its merchants rose

SHAH ABBAS, THE GREAT.
[From a Persian Painting in one of the Ispahan Palaces.]

to be such princes of wealth and influence as to be able to affect the prices in the bazars of Bombay and Alexandria; they loaned money often at a rate as high as sixty per cent. All this, however, is now changed; everywhere the eye

detected poverty and ruin, showing the greatness of the fall. Ispahan cannot now number over fifty thousand inhabitants, the larger portion of whom live in abject poverty and shiftlessness. It is divided by the river Zeinderood into Ispahan proper, where the Mohammedans live, and

ALLAH KAPI, PALACE OF SHAH ABBAS AT ISPAHAN.

Julfa, the Armenian quarters. The latter is by far the pleasanter portion of the city, being interspersed with many trees and gardens. Into this division of the city we descended; and found, through the kindness of a Mr. Mackenzie, engaged in trade, and who was one of two Europeans then residing there, comfortable

quarters in a large house, some three centuries old, frescoed and painted all over on the inside, as bright and fresh as though finished yesterday. The pictures were drawn, we were told, by an Italian, and represented scenes and costumes of his country. The window-panes were stained glass, arranged to form designs, and were imported from Venice ages ago. This house was only one among a hundred others that we saw showing the extensive and intimate relations Persia once had with foreign ports and foreign lands. We stopped a fortnight at Ispahan, and thoroughly improved the time in making up loss of sleep and resting from the fatigue of our marches. Many were the kind attentions we here received from the British Resident, who is a wealthy, educated Armenian; also, from Mr. Mackenzie, of the same firm with Mr. Paul at Bushire. We found the climate of Ispahan very pleasant, though it was now the middle of summer; and were assured that all the seasons come near being perfection itself,—not because extremes of heat and cold are not reached, for the thermometer runs up from zero to near 100° Fahr. during the course of the year, but because of the slowness with which any change in temperature takes place, and also because of the exceeding dryness of

the atmosphere. I can well believe the remark made to me by one who had long been a resident at Ispahan; viz., that, if that city were in easy communication by railways with Europe and India, many would resort to the old Persian capital for their health, as a better or more thoroughly enjoyable sanitarium could not be found. In spite of scanty rainfall, — hardly five inches per annum, — its streams and canals, like most of their kind in Persia, are fed by melting snows, often falling to a depth among the villages around of seven and eight feet. These irrigating kanats are often extensive channels, dug deep down in the earth, and projected at great labor and expense, being cut out of rock and sand for miles. They are run the year round; and to them are the Persians indebted for their gardens, and largely for all their field produce. Take these kanats away, and the ground becomes an arid waste. Ispahan still produces delicious fruits, which, in their season, are very abundant, as will be seen when we note, that fifty pounds of fine apricots could be bought for a couple of kerans (about a shilling and a half of English money), while fourteen pounds of the sweetest grapes could be had for sixpence; watermelons, "so delicate as to burst by the jarring of horses trotting by," could be had

for a song. If Persia had steam communications through its extensive valleys, she could export her fruits, and derive a large revenue from this source alone. The cultivation of opium engages here the greater part of the

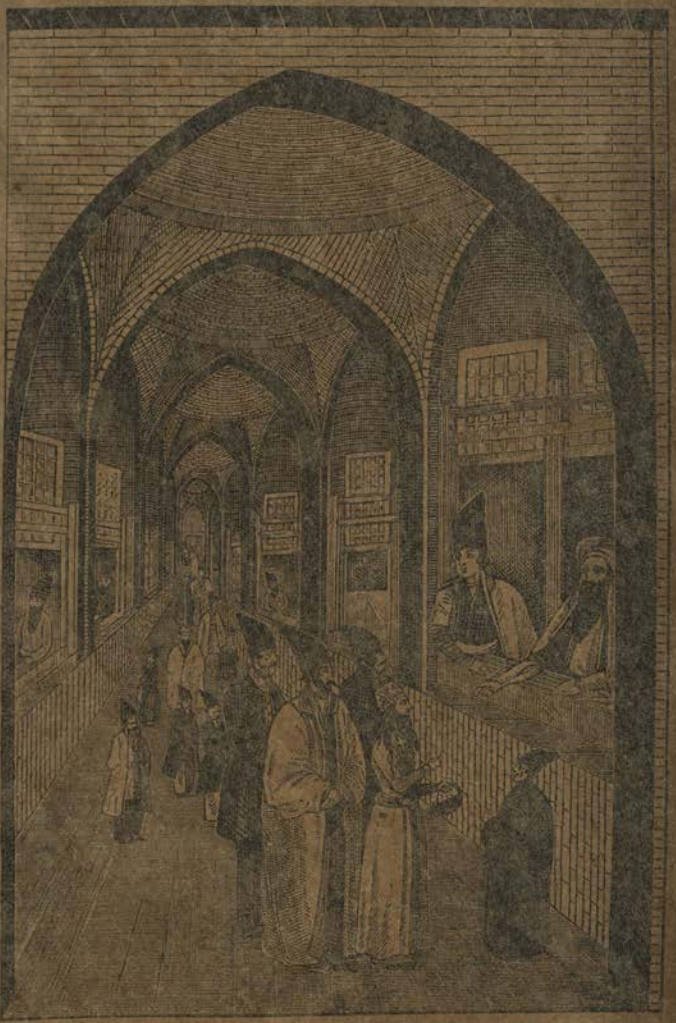
A PERSIAN FRUIT-SHOP.

attention of the inhabitants, as Ispahan raises among its surrounding fields one hundred and thirty thousand pounds of opium per annum, which is half the entire quantity raised in the whole of Persia. It is valued at £40,000. The

cultivation and preparation of this drug is quite an interesting process. It is sown in November; early in the spring it sprouts, and rapidly rears a stalk from three to four feet high, when it blossoms; the flower is succeeded by the poppy-head, not unlike a green butternut in appearance. When this has fully matured, the people — men, women, and children — turn out *en masse*, and tap the poppy-head by an incision, or rather by scratching the outer skin till the juice has all exuded, when it is allowed to dry, as it oozes out, into a paste or gum; and this is then scraped off, and manipulated into balls and cakes to form the great opium gum of commerce. Other valued productions of Ispahan are cotton and wheat; but the most curious article obtainable anywhere about is gaz, or manna, gathered in the largest quantities, some fifty miles to the north-east of Ispahan, on the slopes of snow-covered mountains. It is a fine, white powder, deposited on the leaves of low bushes, resembling very much the appearance of snow-flakes after a storm. It is said to be the product of small insects, coming in contact with the leaves of the above bushes; and is gathered by the natives early in the morning, who go out in numbers, with broad-mouthed earthen vessels, or with baskets, which they hold beneath

the branches, and shake off the powder into them. When the sun is well up, and hot, the gaz melts and disappears, after the nature of frost. The Persians manufacture the powder into sweetmeats, which, being glutinous and sweetish, forms a very palatable article, having a flavor which we relished from the first. No doubt, with more care and different manipulating in the hands of our confectioners, the gaz could be made very popular. In times of famine, this gaz, like the manna among the Israelites, has been the "staff of life" to multitudes of starving poor.

In our rambles about, we crossed many times the three fine solid bridges that span the rapid stream Zeinderood, and strolled up through the paved avenue of defunct royalty, lined with rows of enormous chenar or plane trees, and intersected with ruined fountains, from which we gained admittance to the imposing buildings of the lavishly filed madressa, or university, of Hoosein, the gilded palace of Chehel Sitoon (forty pillars), and the elaborately painted palaces of Heshte Beheste, or eight paradises. We wandered through the immense labyrinth of arched bazars, the finest in Persia; saw the Meshed-I-Shah, or Shah's mosque, conspicuous for its highly glazed dome; and stood admiring



A PERSIAN BAZAR, ISPAHAN. (From a Persian Ink-sketch.)

CHAR BHAZ (FOUR GARDENS) AND PALACE AT ISPAHAN.

beneath the gate of Ali, towering a hundred feet high, the top of which commands a view for miles of ruins and devastation, that impressed the mind with the grandeur of the past and the sad desolation of the present. We reveled in the shade and flowers of Haft Desht, and of the Char Bhag (four gardens); and were interested in the Aynch Khonneh, or mirror apartments, where the old royal harem had its quarters. Near by was the curious, double-storied bridge of Alaverdy Khan. But perhaps the most curious and peculiar structure of all that we saw anywhere in Persia was shown us after a ride of some five miles through a perfect sea of gardens and irrigating kanats, and was no less than the shaking minarets, — two tall columns of masonry, some seventy feet high from the ground, rising half-way up in the two front corners of an old, inferior-looking mosque. These minarets, after reaching the roof of the mosque, raise their tapering heads some thirty feet or more higher still, as isolated columns, and distant from each other about twenty-five feet. A narrow, spiral staircase winds up inside these columns, which we ascended to the top. Here, by dint of exertion, we could get the minarets to shake, as though trembling from the effects of an earthquake; and, what was still

more surprising than this, we got a couple of Persians, who make a gain out of visitors by showing off their mosque to them, to ascend one of the minarets, while we went to the top of the other. Here we sat down, perfectly still, and notified the Persians opposite to shake the column they were on. They did so, throwing it nearly a couple of feet, I should say, out of the true vertical on each side. This shaking, by some mysterious connection through the solid masonry of the mosque, communicated itself to our column; and it in turn began shaking so violently as to oblige us to descend, and seek relief in lessening the height between us and mother earth. How solid columns of masonry, from seventy to eighty feet high, and some twenty-five feet apart, can be made to shake and communicate the motion to each other, are questions that I am unable satisfactorily to solve, though many were the inquiries that I made on the subject. The Persians, in the most matter-of-fact way, told me that this "sympathetic motion" of the minarets was due to the restless, disturbed spirit of their departed saint, buried way below in the cellar, or vault, of this mosque!

It was here, at this old capital of Persia, that we came across the first efforts of missionary enterprise; and they are of but recent date.

The Rev. Mr. Bruce, of the Church Missionary Society, temporarily absent in England at the time of our visit, has a fine large school in Julfa; composed principally of Armenian children, to whom the Scriptures are daily taught in connection with ordinary studies. This school was entrusted to the care of a Christian Armenian, a Mr. Johannes, brought up and well-educated at the same society's school in Nasik, India. He proved a great help to us during our stay in Ispahan; giving us information, showing us the sights, and describing the difficulties they had to contend with in their preaching, teaching, and evangelistic efforts. In fact, I was informed that, were they to succeed in proselyting one or more Mohammedans, the excitement would be such as to break up all their undertakings, and even jeopardize their lives. On this account, they aim to reach, principally, the Armenian portion of the population, who, in the eyes of the Persian Mohammedans, are of the same faith with all Christians. Hence, any progress made in gaining the latter over into the mission church causes no unpleasantness — indeed, hardly receives a passing thought from the bigoted mullahs and their enslaved followers.

During our stay at Ispahan, we received several invitations to dine out evenings, where

Persian etiquette, manners, and customs formed objects of interest and study. The most characteristic and thoroughly enjoyed dinner was that given by the British Resident, Mr. Aganoor, a day or so before our departure for Teheran. We were ushered upon *the roof* of the Resident's fine house: and there, with guests of several nationalities, around a table loaded with Persian meats, wines, and fruits, having nothing betwixt us and the brilliant dome of heaven overhead, radiant with stars, we passed a delightful evening, and got into midnight before we were aware how rapidly the time had flown. We returned to our quarters, preceded by a man holding a lantern, consisting of a lighted candle, protected from the wind by an immense cylinder frame, covered with almost transparent wax-cloth. The carrier of the lantern, and the lantern itself, were about of a size. We learned that the dignity and position of a party was estimated by the size of the lantern that was carried before him.

The hours of our sojourn at Ispahan seemed to be so rapid in their flight that a fortnight went by, and yet we could hardly realize that our stay here had exceeded a couple of days. Despite this feeling, the date we had fixed upon to resume the line of march had come. So,

calling into exercise no small effort of will to overcome our disinclinations, we packed together our "traps"; engaged a fresh batch of six mules, at the rate of thirty kerans per mule, to Teheran, two hundred and eighty miles distant; dismissed the old Persian servant, Hosein, whom we had brought up from Bushire; and engaged a fresh hand, an Armenian, with the euphonious name of Makerditch, — a very common one, I learned, among this class. The usual delays and annoyances preliminary to and always connected with starting being endured, we got fairly ready, and launched forth on the evening of the 10th of July, feeling very much like mariners committing themselves to an untried sea.

CHAPTER IX.

MARCH FROM ISPAHAN TO GEZ. — IMAMZADEH AND TAME FISH. — A GANG OF RUFFIANS ON THE MARCH. — THE BEAUTIES OF KOHRUD. — DESERTED TOWNS. — THE HOLY CITY OF KUM. — MAUSOLEUM OF THE VIRGIN FATIMA. — ENCOUNTER A CARAVAN OF CARRIAGES. — MARCH TO AND ARRIVAL AT TEHERAN.

IT was long after dark before we cleared the limits of the city proper, which even in the darkness were distinguishable from the perfect maze of deserted bazars, broken-down walls, ruins, rubbish, and offensive odors. These being all passed, our course lay over a flat, uninteresting plain, evidently cultivated in spots. The road showed signs of being much more traversed than that on the other side of Ispahan, indicating a greater degree of traffic on the Teheran side than towards Shiraz. By three o'clock in the morning, we reached the town of Gez, though not without losing our way, and stumbling about trying to find it. Owing to the stupidity of the muleteers, it was some time be-

fore we gained the chapar khonneh, a mile away from the town, located opposite a large old caravansary. Here we spent the following day. The next night's march of six farsakhs brought us to Murcha Khor. Thence, a long march of seven farsakhs brought us to the picturesque town of Soh, situated among undulating hills, surrounded with gardens, fields, and an abundance of water. The spot which we were most interested in, however, was the telegraph office, which we at length gained, and found not only commodious, but pleasantly located. Here we received a warm welcome from the Macgowans, who entertained us very kindly, and urged us to stay over one day and night; which we gladly did, as our past marches had been long, and our eyes, especially those of our little boy, were inflamed deep red from the glare and broken sleep. We had a heavy shower of rain while at Soh, which reduced the temperature suddenly several degrees, rendering the night very cold. In a stroll we took with the Macgowans up a hillside, we passed several flourishing walnut-trees, with the nuts just forming in great profusion all over the deep green branches, and came to an imamzahdah, or place of worship, dedicated to some departed saint who was buried there. A fine clear stream

of water rushed through the holy precincts, where a small basin of masonry was formed to hold hundreds of fish scrupulously guarded and fed, being held sacred to the spirit of the departed Mussulman entombed in the imamzahdah. We had brought with us bread, which we broke up into pieces; and to our surprise found that, if we held the crumbs near the water's surface, the fish would jump up, and eat them out of our hands. Such tame fish we had never before met in our wanderings.

On the evening of the day after we reached Soh, we bade our hospitable friends good-by, and started along a wild, mountainous path; where in winter, we were told, snow to the depth of twenty feet and more blocked all traffic for days. Now, even, springs and streams of almost icy-cold water made bad work with portions of our road, rendering progress slow and slippery. In one especially dark, wild locality, I spied something lying ahead across our pathway. Turning to my servant Makerditch, I asked him what he thought it might be. He said it looked suspicious. We put spurs to our horses, and rushed ahead to solve the mystery before our caravan should come up. To our surprise, and to that of our horses, who took quite a start, we found ourselves among a band of

armed fellows, lying apparently asleep by the roadside, but who, on hearing horses' hoofs almost upon them, suddenly jumped up and eyed us closely. I asked who they were. They immediately recognized me to be a feringhi, and replied that they were only travelers along our way and had thrown themselves down for a nap to secure a little rest. How true this was, and whether they had no nefarious designs on some hapless, helpless traveler, we shall never know, as they went quietly ahead at a rapid pace, and were soon out of sight.

By sunrise the next morning, we gained the end of our manzil, in the beautiful, picturesque spot of Kohrud; a place we shall never forget for its delightfully cool climate, its abundance of fine water, and the deep shade of its gardens, — the latter nestling so cosily among hills with varying altitudes, 8,000 feet or more above sea level. Here, finding the chapar khoonch already occupied by some Persian swell, and not caring particularly to be confined within mud walls in such a charming locality, we gladly betook ourselves into one of the many gardens which lie about the village, and there, under the shade of some fine old trees, we ate and slept, spending a most delightful day. At dusk that evening, we started in the midst of

cold gusts of wind and rain, and descended through a long, narrow valley, past a huge solid dam, built ages ago to form a reservoir of water for supplying the city of Kashan, twenty miles distant. Beyond the dam we came upon a gloomy, dilapidated caravansary, said to be noted for marking the spot of many a bloody, nefarious deed, and finally emerged forth upon a hot, sandy plain, — the Great Salt Desert of Persia, extending miles upon miles in an easterly direction, noted for scorpions, tarantulas, and dust-storms. The change in climate had been so sudden that we felt the depressing effect of the heat the more keenly, especially as it was not till long after the sun was well up and burning us that we reached the telegraph office of Kashan, where the French gentleman in charge, a M. Nicolas, received us with great kindness. But how different had been the day previous to the one we here spent! The former had been so cool and pleasant that we were delighted in spending it out in the open air, under luxuriant walnut-trees that seemed to dance in the clear sunlight; the other, hot and muggy, with the wind blowing a gale across immense barren wastes, surcharged with sand so fine, so dense, and so penetrating, as to work into the very pores of the skin, and through the carefully

closed house, covering everything, and rendering outdoor objects indistinct and distorted. Our very food grated between the teeth, as though full of stray, insoluble waifs from the desert. At noon, despite the inconveniences from heat and dust, I strolled out into the long, covered bazars of Kashan; found the arched streets agreeably cool; and, with M. Nicolas to show me about, and introduce me to some of the wealthy Guebres, I gained considerable information, besides seeing the sights. I had a pleasant chat with a couple of rich old Guebres, or fire-worshipers, who, in company with many others of that class, have large cloth shops, and carry on quite a trade here, but whose homes are in Yezd, where so many of their faith live. While seated beside them, they insisted on supplying me, to an extent beyond my capacity, with sweetmeats, grapes, and water-melons, — the melons being some of the finest I had ever tasted. I was conducted to a street, where I was shown the silk and velvet looms for which this city has a wide reputation, even as far as southern Europe; also, their many copperware shops where the deafening hammerings of the coppersmiths made the covered bazars resound with their painful uproar. Kashan is a very old city; but, in keeping with other Persian places, is

full of ruins, each telling their own sad tale of wealth and prosperity long gone by. It has been subject to frequent earthquakes; which have hastened its fall, and assisted to destroy the high wall built to surround it, and the eight large gates through which admittance was gained inside the city. Being situated on the great thoroughfare from the capital to Ispahan and also to Yezd, its position has been a commanding one; and, owing to its extensive trade, among its citizens are found some of the wealthiest in Persia. We regretted our inability to go out a farsakh from the city and see Feen, with its palace and beautiful garden, once the favorite resort of the old king, Fateh Ali Shah, and still the abode of royalty when the latter deign to grace Kashan with their presence.

That night, at ten o'clock, we bade our kind friends adieu, and, with a good moon and a level road, made rapid progress. Sand, however, is poor stuff at the best to march upon for many miles; and, when added to this it is heated and soft, the traveler soon becomes fatigued, and as in our case, painfully overcome with an inclination to sleep. Indeed, I barely saved myself several times while in the very act of falling off my horse, by hanging on to his mane, and had to

dismount and walk for the sake of security. Our child managed to sleep almost always through the night, while lying in his side of the kajaveh, in spite of the shaking he got on the mule's back, which was a great relief to him and to us; but my wife could not induce sleep, sitting, as she did, in a cramped position in the opposite side of the kajaveh. To afford her relief, by a way of change I used to take her place, or get one of the servants to do so, and she would mount her horse. This, however, had the same effect upon her as it had upon me; for the easy gait of the horse so induced drowsiness that she too was compelled to dismount and walk, to save herself from falling. At about two o'clock in the morning, we reached the village of Nasserabad, the only break in the monotony of our journey; and that only lasted a moment, as we hastened on without stopping, and arrived at Sin-sin at sunrise, where we rested in the chapar khoneh, which, with a large caravansary close by, were the only objects in sight on that arid plain. For food we had to depend entirely on what we had brought with us; and the same experience was repeated the following day at Pasangun, our next stopping-place, six farsakhs distant, — a place devoid of all life, and where with difficulty we procured water (bad as it

was) sufficient for drinking purposes. Here the mail chapar, or letter-carrier, passed us on his way up from Ispahan, carrying despatches to the English embassy at Teheran, and in whose khojins, or leather bags, we felt confident there were some letters for us. But as he had only time to draw off his saddle-bags from the horse, covered with foam, which he had ridden, throw them upon a fresh beast, and take a short pull at the kullian quickly lighted for him, before he was off again, we had to content ourselves with our thoughts, and postpone to a still further future day the pleasure we had all along been anticipating of hearing from absent friends. The march of the previous night, and the one following, brought us past what looked like towns, with streets and houses intact. We, however, neither saw nor heard anything that indicated they were inhabited; and, when I inquired of the muleteers where the people were, they smiled, and said, "Dead or gone. These walls have been deserted by everything human for upwards of half a century." It was a matter of surprise to see how well these simple mud-dwellings stood the ravages of time; while gloomy enough looked the silent streets and open doorways, where hyenas and jackals romped, and with

their snarls and howls enlivened the abandoned abodes of a once-prosperous community.

Early on the morning of July 19th, we entered the precincts of the holy city of Kum, so holy that, like the city of Meshed, it forms a coveted place for burial among all Persians, whose bodies are brought here by caravan in great numbers, packed up in thin board coffins, swung one on each side of a mule, and often entrusted to a muleteer to perform rudely the last rites due the dead, miles away from all friends. All this because of the firm belief that the souls of those here interred gain an immediate entrance into Paradise. Such great virtue in the locality results from the fact, that Fatima, the daughter of Imaum Moosa Kazim, a woman highly venerated for sinlessness, lies here entombed, who, like the Virgin Mary is supposed to have great power of intercession in heaven. Her mausoleum, which no infidel can enter, has a dome said to be covered with gold plate (?), and whose burnished surface glittered like a star on the horizon as we approached the city. We at first passed through acres and acres of ruins, with here and there a minaret or portion of an imamzâhdah still standing, crowned at the top with a stork's nest. Finally, we got among the inhabited portions of the town, and

soon were conducted to the telegraph office, and thence to Mr. Hockey's house. The latter, with his wife, had just returned from England to resume his duties in connection with the telegraph; and, though not in a condition to receive strangers, he very kindly bade us welcome, and asked us to share with them what conveniences they happened to have. We stayed here one day and night, which gave us, with Mr. Hockey's aid, plenty of time to inspect the bazars, their cutlery, and earthenware, — the latter having a wide reputation; also, to ascend some of the old ruins, looming up like the shades of the departed. From their tops we gained a fine view of the country, and caught a glimpse of snow-covered Demavend, rising up a perfect cone 20,000 feet, some forty odd miles to the north-east of Teheran, and over 100 miles distant from us. On the night of our departure, while endeavoring to sleep a little before starting, I felt unaccountably restless; and, rising up for a change, noticed a big black object on the white sheet near the face of my little child, who was lying beside me in deep sleep. I seized the lamp, which happened to be left burning, and by its light discovered to my horror that the dark object was nothing less than a huge black scorpion, for the like of which Kum and Kashan

have an unenviable notoriety. It was the work of an instant to seize the sheet, toss the reptile off, and kill it, thankful that our child had been so mercifully spared.

A mountainous march of four farsakhs from Kum brought us to our manzil in a chapar khonneh, across a bridge of fourteen arches, called Pul-I-Dellak, or the Barber's Bridge; built by the barber of Shah Abbas, in fulfilment of a vow he made out of gratitude for narrowly escaping death by drowning in the river Konsar. Both of my horses now began to show the effects of our continuous marching; for their backs had running sores, owing to the chafing of their saddles; indeed, one was in such a state that we had to give up riding him, and have him led. We found the water so bad at Pul-I-Dellak, being impregnated with nitre that we quenched our thirst with water-melons, which fortunately we had brought with us from Kum. It was anything but agreeable to be informed that our next two marches were to be especially trying, on account of the sand and saltpetre which we should have to encounter all along the way, though this was offset by the thought that every step we advanced was now rapidly bringing us to a place of rest in the capital, Teheran. The first objects we met on the march were a

large number of horses led in pairs, each pair in charge of a single hostler, which we learned were being marched down to Bushire, to be there shipped for the Bombay market. Further on, shortly after midnight, we reached the lonely caravansary of Sadrabad, standing on a desolate plain, — part of a vast Kavir, or salt desert, that stretches its briny arms to Tartary and Turkistan. Beyond the caravansary, we came upon a lake that was the result of melted snow, which falls to a great depth every winter on the adjacent hills. This body of water has no outlet, and becomes so brackish in summer as to coat everything near it with a thick, white solution of salt. We skirted for some distance the outer edges of this salt lake, often wading through its waters where they overflowed the road. Close beside us ran the telegraph wires, with their galvanized iron-posts imbedded in the swampy soil. Beneath the wires for a mile or more lay numbers of flamingoes, their bright scarlet-and-white plumage forming a very strange sight. These birds had no doubt been feeding among the marshes of the lake, and, starting up in the night, had flown against the wires and been killed. One young one that had only been slightly crippled was chased by our men, and caught after an hour's hard running and dodging.

We reached Honze Sultan at eight o'clock; which, like Pul-I-Dellak, contained simply a caravansary and chapar khonneh, with bad water collected in a large aub-ambar, built up and covered over with an immense mud dome, so situated as to catch and hold the rain-water that was drained from the adjacent plain. This, though unfit for drinking, was the only supply to be had for love or money. No provisions were procurable; neither was there a village or field in sight. The heat, like that of the previous day, resembled a blast from a furnace, and reminded us of our first three marches out from Bushire. All through the hottest portion of the day, camels, mules, and donkeys kept arriving from Teheran, with camp equipage and a raganuffin set of attendants. Tents were pitched all about us, amid a confusion and uproar quite unusual in such a desert country. The mules and donkeys, goaded by hunger and thirst, raised an unearthly uproar; while men fought as though for dear life over earthen jars of brackish water. Woe to any helpless party or caravan passing by that way with food or fresh water in their possession! for they were sure to be plundered beyond the possibility of escape. Upon inquiry, we learned what the meaning of all this turmoil was. A new Shahzadah, or governor, had been

appointed for Shiraz. He had already started from Teheran to take up his appointment; and was preceded one manzil by a great number of attendants of various grades, whose business it was to prepare all things comfortably against their lord's coming, which we heard would take place early the next morning. This was a matter of rejoicing to us; as in that case we should pass this offshoot of royalty, accompanied by a multitudinous retinue, on the road, and not have the felicity of spending the day with him and his, cooped up in one spot, with only limited accommodations, and having no adequate supply of water or provisions.

After a most uncomfortable day, with our rest sadly disturbed, we left Honze Sultan; and soon plunged into a valley of extreme desolation, cut up into hill and dale, covered with rough stones, and white with thick crusts of salt,—most appropriately termed the "valley of the angel of death." After passing an isolated caravansary, we heard a low, rumbling sound, as though of distant thunder. We could not at first imagine what this might really be, as the night was perfectly clear and the air painfully still. The noise grew nearer and louder, and seemed to be accompanied with a concourse of human voices. The mystery was soon solved:

we had come upon the Shahzadah's party. First came a squad of horsemen, heavily armed; then a kind of mounted band; and then, to our amazement, a string of *carriages*, drawn by six, eight, and ten pairs of horses, driven by postilions carrying principally the zenana of the Shahzadah, followed by no end of thakthar-i-vans and kajavehs, with strings of camels, mules, and donkeys, loaded with followers and baggage, amid a cloud of dust and a deafening uproar. The carriages were the first that we had seen in use in Persia; and it was some time before we could believe our eyes—that we were really gazing upon wheeled conveyances once more in actual motion. How they made their way along without proper roads was a puzzle. That they had worked their passage thus far was a fact, though there is very little doubt in my mind as to their having been unable to reach Shiraz; and, if a few were so fortunate as to get there, they certainly could not have done so in anything like a sound condition. What had resembled thunder, then, was the rumbling of the carriage wheels; and long was it after the cavalcade, followed by the crowd, had passed, that we continued to hear, in the stillness of the night, the dull, heavy sounds of the vehicles, as their wheels dashed against the stones, or came

in contact with the inequalities of the ground. Many did we meet that night among the camp-followers, pressing on foot after the governor's party, who besought us most piteously for a draught of water to quench their thirst. Some of them had madly tried to cool their parched lips in the briny streams we found here and there crossing our track; but this so inflamed their sufferings that they almost grew frantic from pain.

It was late the next morning before we reached Kinaragerd, — our last stopping-place before entering Teheran. This spot was more agreeable than our previous day's resting-place had been, as there was an abundance of water in a large stream flowing close by the chapar khonneh; and there were a few trees; also, many fields about under cultivation, belonging to more than one village within the range of our sight. Then, too, we had quiet, and suffered less from the heat, whereby we were enabled to make up for some of our lost sleep. It was with feelings of no slight satisfaction that we packed our goods, and started on the following night; being cheered by the thought that on the morrow we should reach Teheran, where we could once again spend our nights in undisturbed sleep, and on beds which, to say the least, would be more

comfortable than the stone pavements of caravansaries, or the mud floors of bala khonnehs,—unpleasantly associated with scorpions and tarantulas, not to mention smaller and less noxious fry. Our march was a long one of seven farsakhs, up an ascending path, evidently commanding an extensive prospect from its summit,

MOUNTAIN OF DEMAVEND.

but which we lost on account of the darkness; then down the other side on to the bare, uninteresting plain of Teheran, where daylight revealed the whole outlook to be far inferior to that which burst upon our gaze a few weeks previous, when, approaching Ispahan, we overlooked the city and its surroundings. In fact, the only redeeming features of Teheran were

the mountains of the Elburz chain in front of us, beyond the city, forming an imposing background to the Shah's capital, and rising into the snow limit; its tallest peak, that of Demavend, towering up, a brilliant cone of snow, the highest point of land north of the Himalayas. One noticeable feature about Teheran was the ab-

A PERSIAN SUMMER RESIDENCE, SOME WAYS UP DEMAVEND.

sence of ruins, that disfigure almost every Persian town; which shows that the city is of a comparatively recent date, and that it is a growing one. It is estimated to have a population of eighty thousand. It has no buildings that can claim any special architectural beauty; is surrounded by a mud wall, containing six gates, kept closed at night; has a poor apology for a

SOUTH GATE OF TEHERAN.

moat; and the whole is located in a low valley, hot and unhealthy in summer, while the winter is excessively cold. During the summer season, —viz., July, August, and September,— the upper classes abandon the city, and take up their quarters at a greater elevation along the base of the Elburz Mountains, lying some ten miles away; where the houses, more like villas, are surrounded by cool gardens and an abundance of water. Here the Shah, with his zenana and sycophant courtiers, resorts; and here all work is laid aside, while nothing but pleasure becomes the order of the day.

We entered the city by the "South Gate," and proceeded by a circuitous route, that led us at the outset over rough land, and through ditches which were utilized as receptacles for stagnant drains and heaps of filth, — certainly characteristics not likely to call forth admiration at first sight for the capital of an immense country. As we advanced, we got among the streets and houses of the metropolis; and at last, some two miles from the gate by which we entered the city, we were conducted to the premises of the American Presbyterian Mission. The Rev. Mr. Potter, one of the two missionaries stationed here, came out and welcomed us into the house, where we found breakfast prepared for us. We

did ample justice to this late meal, as we were faint from the want of earlier nourishment. After breakfast, our host informed us that he, with his brother missionary and family, were not now living in the city, but, in keeping with the custom of the Europeans who reside at the capital,

KASRI KAJAR, SUMMER PALACE OF THE SHAH.

had taken up their temporary abode in summer quarters, ten miles away; and that, in accordance with my request, forwarded them by letter from Ispahan, they had engaged me a small house adjoining their place, which they had fitted up with their own hands, where it would be best for us to go at once and get settled, instead

of stopping in the unhealthy city. Therefore, greatly against our inclinations, we again summoned our weary caravan and attendants, restrapped our effects on to the mules, mounted our horses and kajaveh, and marched, the hour being noon, the longest, hottest, most tedious ten miles that fell to our lot anywhere

RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT TEHERAN.*

in Persia. We kept ascending the whole way; and for three weary hours came as near having a sunstroke as one could without actually getting it.

We first passed out of the Shemiron Gate; then up a well-made road, lined with tall trees, past one of the Shah's chief summer palaces, Kasri Kajar, with a large garden, arranged in

terraces, proudly likened by the Persians to Windsor Castle. Beyond this were encamped some six thousand troops, decked out in uniforms that were not exactly *uniform*, who were occupying tents arranged without regard to geometric lines. Thence, we passed Gulahek, where are located the fine summer quarters of the English embassy; beyond them, the Russian quarters, the Turkish, and then the French. Finally, and to the great relief of hope deferred, we came to Tajrish, where a neat little cottage had been made ready for us, and where the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Bassett, with their children, gave us a warm welcome. We thoroughly enjoyed the quiet conveniences and settled life so long anticipated, but which at times it had seemed as though we were never to realize.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHAH AND HIS SUBJECTS. — SALE OF PUBLIC OFFICES. — RUSSIA AND ENGLAND AT THE COURT OF THE SHAH. — RESULT OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE. — FIGHT OF MULETEERS WITH MAKERDITCH. — MARCH TO SUNGERABAD. — SAFAR KHOJAH. — OUR MARCH TO RUSTUMABAD, TO KUDE, AND ARRIVAL AT RESHT.

WE made several pleasant English acquaintances, who were connected with her Britannic Majesty's embassy; and among them found none more obliging than Major Smith, of the royal engineers, and superintendent of the Indo-European telegraph. It was indeed refreshing to get to a place once more where we could find people of our own tongue, and see traces, however faint, of our Western civilization: such as broad streets; well-laid-out roads, lined with lanterns, which were lighted at night, and where carriages often passed, enlivening the scene. We met the Shah several times driving out in the evening, accompanied by a motley set of attendants, whose appearance impressed

us no more favorably than their country thus far had done. On inquiry, we learned little or nothing to the credit of royalty. His acts stamp him a simpleton; though force of circumstances combine, no doubt, to make him appear more so than

SHAH'S WINTER PALACE — TEHERAN.

he is in reality. Like most Eastern princes, he is a debauchee, considers his will law, and spends his time in frivolities. He is a noted miser; for which the only excuse assignable is, that the total revenue of his kingdom falls short of two million pounds sterling per annum. His crown jewels are

THE SHAH

roughly valued at £7,000,000; most of which, certainly the best of them, were brought from India by that Khorassan robber, Nadir Shah, who, having gained the Persian throne and great power, attacked the capital of Hindustan, and returned from Delhi in A. D. 1739, with great pomp and pride, laden with spoils richer than any that ever graced the train of a victorious monarch: for one alone among his many trophies was the famous priceless peacock throne of the celebrated Mogul dynasty.

Most of the Shah's subjects, like himself, are Mohammedans, and number only 4,000,000,—less by one-third since the famine of 1871. Two-thirds of the people are beggars; and the remaining third know too much to make the least outward show of their possessions, lest they should arouse the eye of avarice, and become its unfortunate victims. All public offices are sold to the highest bidders: and the successful candidates, knowing their term of office may expire at any time, according to the caprice of their sovereign, make the most of their time and position; thus giving rise to corruption and avarice in the worst forms. Life and property have little security; while the country is daily being impoverished and depopulated. All foreigners are regarded as interlopers; and any

suggestions or observations on their part — in fact, reforms of any sort whatsoever — are most scrupulously forbidden admittance within the Persians' borders. No banking-house or newspaper could safely exist a day in this Persian capital. Nothing in fact would be tolerated a moment that savored of the feringhi, save such innovations as happen to fall in with the notions of pampered royalty and the prejudices of a diabolical, bigoted priesthood.

Russia and England are the most strongly represented nations at the court of the Shah; but subjects of both governments suffer the most in their private interests in Persia, and are unable to obtain redress, owing to the game of diplomacy carried on by these two powers, with Persia for their playground. Each representative scrutinizes the actions of the other with an ever-jealous eye. Russia, on the one hand, would not scruple to add to her vast domains; especially if she could by so doing get an outlet by sea somewhere down on the Persian Gulf. England, on the other hand, with a dogged persistency and a long-settled purpose, is determined that this shall never be. To this intent she bolsters up the old Shah on his throne, resolved to maintain his kingdom for him intact, without eliciting so much as "thanks" from

ROYAL AUDIENCE HALL AT TEHERAN.

the latter, in accordance with her general policy, rigidly adhered to for years past; viz., to keep a broad, neutral belt of territory between her great rival and her rich Eastern possessions. Accordingly both representatives, for the better acting of the part assigned, are strenuously enjoined by their home governments to keep up the most friendly relations with the Shah. The Shah fully comprehends the state of affairs, and makes the best possible use of his peculiar intermediate position. In fact, he has fondly reasoned himself into the ridiculous belief of being immensely important among the brotherhood of nations. And why not? Here, at his court, are the representatives of two of the most powerful nations, fawning and smiling upon him in a slavish, sycophantic manner. This farce is carried to such an extent, I am told by a successful English merchant long resident in Persia, that private wrongs are nowhere righted; complaints receive a deaf ear; neither party cares to offend the haughty Shah with "*petty demands*;" the poor foreigner is obliged to suffer on submissively, or abandon Persia; and the result is a common verdict declaring the legations representing the greatest nations at the Persian capital to be the biggest humbugs. To illustrate what I have just stated, I

might mention the noted case of Baron Reuter. That nobleman and the Shah became quite intimate during the latter's trip to England, in 1873; and, in June of that year, the Baron drew up a paper, which the Shah readily signed, and further pledged himself to faithfully carry out its conditions, — to the effect that Baron Reuter was to develop, in such manner as he thought best, the agricultural, mineral, and commercial resources of his kingdom. He was to construct railways and roads, — indeed, have entire charge of Persia, short of the royal prerogative of the direct government of the people and the management of the army. As an inducement for the Baron to undertake the above improvements, the Shah agreed to hand over to him the monopoly of the entire internal revenue, export and import departments, for the term of twenty-five years: for the first five years absolutely; after that, sixty per cent. of the net income was to be paid the Shah. This read well. At this juncture the Baron was strongly advised, by those acquainted with the treacherous nature of the Persians and their proneness to belie their convictions with a false demeanor, that it was imperative to get the British government to endorse the above concessions made by the Shah. This the government declined to do.

though they would most readily have acceded to the request anywhere outside of Persia. The Baron undaunted, and with more faith in Persian honesty than the Persians themselves have, went out to *his* "land of promise;" took a look at the country, at least the best portion of it; had a railway line surveyed from Resht to Teheran, with a view to ultimately connecting the Caspian Sea, at Anzelli (port of Resht), with the Persian Gulf, at Bushire, via Teheran, Ispahan, and Shiraz. More than this: he went so far as to contract for rails and sleepers, and even commenced laying them down, when the Shah graciously informed his confiding friend, with a politeness beautifully Oriental, of his utter inability to quiet the aroused feelings of his harem, and the jealousy of ignorant, profligate mullahs (*spiritual* fathers), poisoning the minds of the populace, who already looked upon the agreement of the Shah with the Baron as a virtual willing away of the empire to a feringhi. The Baron was further desired to defer the prosecution of all active efforts in the work, he was then daily enlarging, till the public excitement had subsided. Thus the grand "Reuter scheme" — grand certainly for Persia, in that it cast a last ray of hope upon that country's rapidly enveloping gloom — was sud-

denly interrupted, if not permanently thwarted, by the whims of silly women and fanatics. The rails lie covered with rust in the swamps of Resht; while the credulous Baron awaits in London the dawn of a better day, when he hopes to retrieve his fortune on Persian soil, or

A BAZAR CENTRE IN TEHERAN.
(Bastinadoing a Culprit.)

at least indemnify himself, for some of his losses, out of the exchequer of the Shah.

At Teheran, one is impressed with more favorable ideas of Persia and Persian trade, by seeing the king's palaces, his gardens, his carriages; the fine quarters of the foreign legations and their equipages; the good-sized streets,

lighted at night; the large, showy bazar, arched over from one end of the city to the other, to exclude the sun, filled with Manchester goods, chinaware, French sugar, Russian petroleum, tea imported via Siberia, Persian rugs, silk, fruits, &c., &c. Then, too, there is considerable business actively going on; and a show of wealth is to be seen in connection with this seat of royalty, which — with the heavy drays carrying merchandise, the loaded caravans passing and repassing, the bazars crowded with different nationalities, and troops marching in and out of their various quarters — afford a pleasant relief, as contrasted with the doleful impressions received on the march up from the south. There are no European houses here, except the German firm of Ziegler & Co. Others would open up, in the various branches of trade, were they only sure of their rights and privileges being guaranteed them. The large Greek house of Ralli Brothers had a branch office here, but closed it during the last famine. Their business was largely in importing cotton goods, and exporting Mazenderan silks. A stay of three weeks at Teheran gave me an opportunity to familiarize myself with the Persian capital, — its bazars, its trade, its method of transacting business, — and a good deal that was going on under

the Shah's government and among the representatives of the foreign powers. Then, too, by the aid of letters that I had brought with me from India, I was readily favored with assistance and advice from several influential parties, — some of them members of the British legation, who looked upon my wife and child as curiosities, on account of the successful ("plucky," our English cousins would say) manner in which they had pulled through from Bushire. It was not till some time after our arrival at Teheran, that I decided upon what route to take for getting out of Persia, and for prosecuting the remainder of the journey. At the very outset I encountered a serious difficulty: I had no passport, without which I could on no account enter Russian borders, — or get out of them, should I, by a happy circumstance, succeed in entering. What to do I did not know. There was no representative of our government to whom I might apply, short of Constantinople; and this would entail any amount of delay. As to turning about and going back, — the only open course left us, — it was too preposterous to be thought of. In this predicament, I called upon the British minister, who very kindly proffered us his aid; but, at the same time, he laughingly remarked, that he should hardly care to repeat often what

he purposed doing. Upon this he drew, upon Her Majesty's regular passport form, a statement that we were Americans on our way home via Russia, and enjoining upon all to grant us safe-conduct through. This unique document, *visé* by the Russian minister, carried us in and out of the countries we passed, with every facility.

Our stay at Teheran now began to draw to a close. We had been very hospitably entertained by our missionary friends; and in their society, and in the quiet of our pleasant villa, the time flew by at an alarming rate. One sad incident happened towards the close of our visit, which tended to mar our otherwise happy sojourn at the capital. The youngest child of our host, a sweet little girl, became very sick. The father and mother were soon completely exhausted by day and night watchings beside their little one. No one could be found to come in, and relieve them even for a few hours. We volunteered our services, though afraid lest our previous night-marchings might seriously affect our ability to keep awake, and thus prevent us from bestowing the needed attention; yet we did our best, and watched by turns for ten or more consecutive nights. What a strange and eventful experience ours had been! Not many

weeks previous, we were travelling over India; not many days back, we were turning night into day, while slowly proceeding, by caravan marches, over the wastes of a strange land, in face of difficulties perplexing, and anxieties intensified by the severe illness of our own little one. All this and more rose vividly to mind, affording abundant food for reflection, during those midnight hours of painful watching. Now the very place we had been looking forward to as the haven of our rest and freedom from care, was embittered by the grief and sad forebodings of others. The sick little one failed to rally, in spite of all nursing, and kind attentions from the physician of the British embassy. On a Saturday evening, we laid "Lulie" Bassett, decked in Persian flowers, in a little Persian grave, in the mission-chapel grounds, within the city walls, ten miles distant; while the parents had among their sorrowing friends none more sincere and sympathizing than the few faithful converts who were members of their little church. In this connection, I would remark, that this little organization of an evangelical church is the immediate fruit of Mr. Bassett's efforts, who came and settled at Teheran in the fall of 1872, as the first missionary stationed by any society in central or eastern Persia. He

has built a chapel, where services are regularly held in the Persian language; and on the church roll are numbered seventeen communicants. Well might this representative of the American Presbyterian Board take satisfaction in being the first to make public use of the language of the Persian Mussulman, as the medium of communicating religious and Christian instruction in a house that he had erected expressly for Christian worship, in the capital of the Shah, and in the centre of such gross darkness and intolerant bigotry, — the only ray of light amid the blackness of midnight. As yet the work has suffered no direct opposition from the Persian authorities; though its progress has been hindered by the fear, entertained by numbers of the Mussulman portion of the population, that, were any of them to renounce Mohammedanism, and profess the Christian faith publicly, such an act would cost them their life. But in spite of many difficulties, and want of funds, the good work makes advances, — chiefly among the Armenians, whose children attend the mission schools in numbers, and there, in early life, learn the truths of the Bible.

On the 11th of August, shortly after midnight, with many regrets at parting, we said good-by to our kind friends, with the compen-

sating thought that we were on the last division of our Persian journey; and that at the next regular stopping-place, which would be Resht, we should dismiss, once and for all, our mules and chavadars, and bid farewell to caravansaries and kajaveh travel.

On the morning of the first day out, we came to a small walled village, where we put up in a little room in one of its bastions, or towers, such as are built into the town walls in the East. Four of these towers graced as many corners of the wall that surrounded the little town of Yada Yada; and here we were cared for by the friendly disposed village people. There was a pleasant garden close by, with a room built over the gateway leading into it, which we should very much have preferred to occupy; but it was already taken possession of by the Governor of Tabriz and his three wives, *en route* to the capital. The whole of the next night was spent in marching six farsakhs, along a road wild and rugged in many places, to the pretty town of Sungerabad. On the way, we passed heavy drays, apparently long abandoned, sunken in deep ruts, loaded with parts of machinery intended for the Shah's mint factory. Further on, our servant Makerditch got into an altercation with the chavvadars for giving him a mule to

ride that took too freely to his heels, and thus threw him. From words they proceeded to blows, which came very near costing Makerditch dearly. He was set upon by the mule-owners in the dark, for swearing at them and saying "Pedder sukhta" (sons of a burnt father),—a common form of abuse, thereby assigning one's progenitor to purgatory; and which, ridiculous as it may seem, I have heard a father use in his wrath to his own son. Makerditch was knocked down, without any ceremony, by the furious muleteers; and, fearing for his life, he called out most piteously, "Sahib, Sahib, save me!" I hastened up on horseback, leaving my wife and child, helpless and frightened, to proceed on in the night at the mercy of their mule, while my servant Gopal had all he could attend to running after the rest of the caravan, which kept constantly straying off from the road in search of feed. I reached the spot whence the noise and cries proceeded, just in time to see one of the muleteers, who had received a heavy blow from Makerditch, pull out his knife, while his companion, to aid him in his murderous attempt, had knocked the servant over, sprawling him out upon the ground. It was the work of a moment to lay the butt-end of my heavy whip, first, upon the head of one of the muleteers, and

then on the other, which sobered them immediately. Indeed, one thought I had cracked his skull; and, taking prudence to be the better part of valor, they hastily skulked off after their mules. Poor Makerditch was in a painful state of mind and body. It was some time before I could get him to stand up: he groaned heavily, and, in bitter anguish, declared that one of his eyes had been knocked out, and that he was in great pain. As it was too dark to see, and as nothing could be done, with the wind blowing a gale, where we were, I urged him to hasten on; saying that as soon as daylight should come, and we could get water, I would do what I could to relieve him with bandages and the use of my few medicines. When the light had fairly dawned, I found, on examination, that Makerditch's eye was not put out, as he had supposed; though it had had a narrow escape, and was badly inflamed. The morning also revealed the fact that we had strayed from the right road, and had already gone some distance in the wrong direction. After a long, weary detour, we reached the chapar khonneh of Sungerabad, greatly exhausted from the exertions of the night; but food and a five hours' sleep refreshed us wonderfully. All about were fields under cultivation; and the wide valley we were traversing

seemed to be well-tilled and populated, thereby impressing us agreeably with our surroundings. Flocks of birds were in sight, — the same, I might say, that we had left behind in India; but who, in accordance with their annual habit, were now migrating to northern latitudes.

The next town, Safar Khojah, was reached under more propitious circumstances than the manzil of the night previous; and as Makerditch's eye began to improve, with cold water lotions, our worst fears for him vanished. The side of his face, however, was twice its ordinary size; and it was days before he could use his eye again. We now began to experience a growing coolness in the climate, which had a bracing effect upon our constitutions, and was all the more appreciated after the heat of former marches. The country seemed to be well watered; and we met along the road frequent and heavily laden caravans, proceeding to and from the capital.

The following night, a long, double march of nearly thirty miles brought us past the town of Abdulabad, whose outline was faintly noticeable in the darkness. Here the cold of early dawn made itself so keenly felt that we gladly dismounted, to keep ourselves warm by walking; and came on in this way till we got

among the innumerable vineyards on the outskirts of the city, Kasbin, and finally entered the city proper,—long noted for its many institutions of learning; also, for holding an important position commercially, being at the fork of the two highroads,—the one going on to Tabriz and Constantinople, the other branching off to Resht, on the Caspian. We made direct for the house of Monsieur Natali, who is in charge of the telegraph office, and is well known for his hospitality to strangers. The Frenchman and his wife received us cordially; and bade us make ourselves at home. Our stay here of two days was thoroughly enjoyed: we reveled in the fine grapes and water-melons this place produces, and strolled about among the bazars and extensive ruins. Before we could march further, I was obliged to dismiss the charvadars, with their mules, and get a new set; as the former fellows and my servant entertained such bitter animosity toward each other that they threatened, when time and place favored, to resort to something desperate.

Six farsakhs beyond Kasbin, along a road less traveled than the one we had just left, brought us to the secluded little village of Mujjra, nestled in among mountains,—a quiet, picturesque place, terribly bleak in winter, as we

were told, and could well believe; for even now, at midday, the wind blew in chilly gusts. Here we put up in the bala khonnch of a private dwelling, gladly thrown open to us, which we found unusually neat and pleasant, and where we experienced many kind attentions from its rustic, uncouth inmates. In fact, we found that the further off we got from the large, important centres, the more hospitable and kind were the people,—an experience not confined to Persia. "Khuda hafiz" (God be with you), the common salutation, were the farewell words addressed to us by the village folk, as they turned out to see us off, on the dawn of the following morning.

From Mujjra our course was an ascending one; over mountains, and through defiles impassable by snow in winter, bleak and desolate in summer. At an elevation of nine thousand feet above sea-level, we came to the town of Kharzan; and here began descending by a steep path, surrounded by precipices and valleys of great depth, which in turn were flanked by mountains of great height, the farthest off showing signs of vegetation, and indicating a different climate in the regions which we were now fast approaching. We had passed over the extensive plateau that runs through Central Per-

sa, which we had ascended from the level of the Persian Gulf, on leaving Bushire, and from which we were now descending, on the other side, to the level of the Caspian Sea. The panorama before us defies description, as it was one of the wildest, most mountainous imaginable, though tedious was the descent into the valley of the Shah Rud (King River). We kept going on down, down, down, continuously. It seemed as though we never should get to the bottom. When at length the bed of the river was reached,—which proved to be a large, rapid stream,—a sudden change was experienced in the atmosphere: so stifling was it and hot, that we could hardly endure the least effort of marching. Fortunately, we soon came upon a large, substantial bridge, of some half a dozen arches, called Pul Ocion. In the piers on which the arches rested were rooms, or open cells, to which admittance was gained by steep steps, leading down through the parapets, from different points on the top of the bridge. Here, in one of these cells, commanding a fine view of the winding river and the mountain sides, with a delicious breeze blowing over the water, and miles away from any settlement, we passed a day so exceptional in the character of its grand surroundings, so peculiar in the thoughts that

were engendered, that the memory of its hours will never fade. We had brought along with us, from the last town, chickens, eggs, and native bread, in large, thin cakes; and these, with our canned provisions, helped us to fare sumptuously. That night, both to facilitate our onward march and to secure some sleep before starting, we got everything packed and then laid ourselves down on top of the hard pavement of the bridge, beside our bundles, right in the middle of the road, with the full moon shining in our faces, and thus fell asleep. The servants and attendants followed our example, at a little distance, and were soon snoring away lustily. There is no knowing how long we might have indulged in nature's sweet restorer, possessing, as we did, the perfection of ventilation above us, and a good *appetite* for sleep, had we not been awakened by the sound of horses' hoofs. I quickly aroused myself, and found a couple of horsemen close by, puzzled to know what was the meaning of all this athwart the road, and as much startled at our monopoly of the public highway as their horses were. The latter were so frightened that they were with difficulty restrained from wheeling about, and taking to their heels. Our servants went up to the travelers, informed them who we were, and led their

horses past. They then resumed their journey; while we bestirred ourselves, and were soon under way, reaching Munjil at sunrise. We put up here in the bala khoonch of a new, well-built chapar khoonch, — one of the best in Persia. The whole village was speedily informed that a feringhi, wife, and little child had arrived in their midst; whereupon, they crowded the housetops in our neighborhood and the adjoining lanes, in the hope of satisfying their curiosity by getting a peep at us.

Our march the following morning to Rustumabad, five farsakhs distant, was simply magnificent; affording so marked a contrast to all previous journeyings that we constantly doubted our eyesight, and attributed the change to some singular freak of the imagination. We first crossed a long wooden bridge, that was undergoing repairs. Near by, in the sand, stood three wagons, similar to those we passed a few marches before, loaded with machinery for the Shah's mint, and which we learned had been abandoned a year ago by their drivers as a bad job. We then threaded our way through a long, narrow valley, directly above the precipitous banks of the Seffid Rud (White River), said to be the largest stream in Persia; and reminding one strongly, in its picturesque windings, of

views had along the route of the Erie Railway, New York State. All our surroundings had undergone, as if by magic, a complete change. Instead of scorched plains and barren mountains, the hills were clothed to their summits with pine and hemlock, sycamore and mahogany; the valleys groaned beneath the weight of box-wood, and undergrowth of unwonted size. We passed through olive orchards in fruitage, and crossed streams of water innumerable, which seemed to multiply as we advanced. The climate suggested to one a Turkish bath, though this steamy temperature lasts only during the summer months, as there is a rapid change in winter, when the cold becomes intense.

At Rustumabad, a small village, we put up in a kind of pavilion, newly erected, having a good strong roof, but open on the sides. Here we delighted in the scenery and devoted considerable of the afternoon to rambling about, and picking blackberries, that we happened to find, greatly to our surprise, growing in abundance close to our quarters. We did them full justice.

Five farsakhs from Rustumabad, through unsurpassed scenery, we came to the Kudu chapar khonneh; and thence, another five farsakhs along a well-built road, flat as a table, through endless, entangled forests and vegetation of

rank growth, past extensive fields devoted to the cultivation of the mulberry, brought us safely within the precincts of the city Resht, — the place of all places for which our eyes had been longing, and which with difficulty we now realized we had at last actually reached. Here we forthwith dismissed our charvadars, with their mules, sold our horses and donkeys, gave away a good many of our traveling requisites, paid off our Persian servant Makerditch, and took up temporary quarters with an old Armenian priest, beside an unfinished church that he was with great pride and piety erecting, under the strong impression that he was accumulating a stock of personal merit where moth and rust do not corrupt. We had been very fortunate in reaching Resht without encountering rain during the last few marches, as in that case we and our things must have had a good soaking. Many travelers have been sorely tried by the drenchings they have been exposed to while marching in the vicinity of the Caspian Sea. We, however, escaped; and only got our full quota of storm and wet after getting safely housed. The rain, shortly after our arrival, came down in torrents, and lasted two days. Such a down-pour we had not experienced since the last monsoon season in Bombay.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PERSIAN METHOD OF SILK CULTURE. — ANZELI, THE PORT OF RESHT. — BOARD A RUSSIAN STEAMER IN A HIGH SEA. — A GREAT PRODUCTION OF PETROLEUM. — A HINDOO PRIEST AND HIS STORY. — A SAIL UP THE VOLGA. — THE GREAT ANNUAL FAIR. — PROCEED TO MOSCOW, ST. PETERSBURG, STOCKHOLM, GOTTENBURG, HULL, LONDON, LIVERPOOL, AND FINALLY ARRIVE AT NEW YORK.

AT Resht there are two consuls; one English, and the other Russian. We called on both, and found them exceedingly pleasant and hospitable, — so much so that we dined with one or the other every evening of our stay there. Both gentleman had been but recently appointed to this port, and felt they could hardly have been sent to a more out-of-the-way corner of the earth. Both of them had families; and, although Russians and Englishmen might get along elsewhere without associating with each other, they could hardly do so here, as there was no other European society for them to fall back upon. In the present instance, however, the pleasantest relation existed between them. The wife of the Russian consul was the

daughter of an English lord. This favored the two officials in overcoming any differences of social feeling they might entertain in their political views, which are more or less antagonistic all along this eastern frontier. The city of Resht numbers some 25,000 inhabitants; and looks more like a town in Bengal, with its tiled roofs and thatched houses, — so different from the mud walls and flat roofs of interior Persia; indeed, the latter could not withstand a day the damp and rains of the Caspian coast. Resht is evidently a growing place; has some good-sized public buildings, comparatively wide streets, lined by extensive bazars, where considerable business activity is displayed; and forms the great port of shipment for goods to and from Russia. The bulk of its trade consists in silk, which is raised in immense quantities in the Ghilan and Mazenderan districts, owing to the special facilities with which the mulberry is grown on the southern shores of the Caspian. According to figures kindly furnished me by the British consul, who has taken a great interest in the subject, the silk raised for three consecutive years was valued as follows: —

In 1871,	the crop amounted to	497,250	lbs.,	valued at	£339,130.
" 1872,	"	184,500	"	"	293,636.
" 1873,	"	656,379	"	"	247,104.

The course pursued by the natives in silk culture might be greatly improved; and the British consul is largely exerting himself to this end. I learned many interesting facts from him. It seems that the best silk is the product of silk-worms raised from Japanese eggs. This stock dates its introduction into Persia as far back as A. D. 551; having been brought over by two Nestorian monks, who traveled overland from China. In the month of May, the natives take the moth's eggs, fastened on to a sheet of paper by a dilute paste, and wear them, next to their skin, on their chests. In three days the eggs are hatched by the warmth of the body. The caterpillars are then placed on a small platform, in the centre of a thatched shanty, located often in a perfect jungle of mulberries, whose branches, covered with leaves, are broken off, and laid on the platform for the worms to feed upon. Every morning, new branches are placed on top of the old ones; and, as soon as the caterpillars crawl up on them, the lower ones are withdrawn, leaving the platform clean and fresh. This process of feeding the worms is kept up for eleven days, when they grow sluggish, and refuse further food. Branches are then brought, and placed vertically on the platform, up which the worms

climb, and spin about themselves their cocoons. The spinning process lasts for nine days, when the cocoons are pulled off, with the exception of a few that have gone up the highest; these are considered the healthiest, and best for future seed. The next step is to kill the moths in those cocoons that are pulled off, which is easily effected by exposing them to the sun for a few hours. The women then soak the cocoons in water, and commence unraveling the delicate thread; and this gives us the silk of commerce, —the pride of the Eastern houri and of the Western votary of fashion. Those cocoons that are left on the vertical branches show signs of life at the end of a fortnight, when the white moth gnaws a way for itself out of its narrow quarters, and perches on some twig or leaf in the shanty. They eat nothing, and soon die; the female leaving from one hundred to three hundred eggs, which are carefully put away in a cool place till the next spring. The Persians often raise three and four sets of silk-worms the same year; but, as a rule, the first set yields the largest amount of silk.

Resht, though termed a port, is not on the Caspian Sea, but is situated some distance inland. Its harbor, a wretched one, lies twenty-five miles away, called Anzelli; which is reached

partly by a well-made road, and partly by boat, through an immense swamp of bulrushes. At Anzelli the Russian mail steamers call once a week, on their voyage from Astrakhan, and again on their return trip from Asterabad; but the facilities for landing passengers and goods at this important Persian *entrée* is so deplorably bad, that often in rough weather they are obliged to pass by without stopping. I knew of a European who had the pleasure of steaming past here three times, in the vain effort to land; and then, completely discouraged, he got off at a place over a hundred miles away, making up this loss of distance by tedious marches through swamps and jungles! The day before we left Resht, it rained torrents. Our quarters were damp and very uncomfortable, as the house leaked; and, to add to our discomfort, our host, the priest, did not make a virtue of cleanliness; vermin infested everything that was supplied us, marring our night's rest, and rendering the day uncomfortable. The extreme wet made our child croupy; and the persistency of the storm made it exceedingly doubtful about our being able to get through, with the long twenty-five miles' journey to be made, — half in a rude, one-horse dray, and the rest by open boat to Anzelli. Still more was it doubtful about our succeeding

in getting on board the Russian steamer, should she conclude to stop out in the open roadstead. Besides all this, the old priest (one can hardly call him good) seemed bent on gratifying his insatiable greed for money, by doing his best to get all he could out of us, under the pretense of defraying the expenses of our board; which, I hardly need say, was not fit for a pig, and but for our canned stores, and our dinners with the consuls, would have made short work of us. On the morning of the 27th August, with the weather still threatening, we got ready to start. The priest evidently hoped that something would happen to keep us on his hands, at least for another week, as he declared we were mad to think of being able to reach the steamer on such a day. I told him we were off then and there, and asked him what I should pay him for his trouble. "Oh, yes!" he replied, in a tone denoting that he felt this was his last chance, he should have to charge me, there being so many of us, thirty kerans (over a pound sterling) per day, — making one hundred and twenty kerans for the four days! And all this in addition to the daily food expenses I had been continually defraying. To this I said but little; counting out and placing upon his rickety table twenty-five kerans, a larger sum than I had as yet paid

out for a similar object anywhere in Persia. Meanwhile I had sent for a clumsy, four-wheeled dray, or drag as it might be called, with shafts, and a big wooden bow of a collar at the end, into which a small, stout horse was harnessed. Just as it arrived the sun broke through the clouds, the rain ceased, and we read in the clearing up of the weather a propitious omen. We straightway got our effects piled up on top of the springless wagon; the priest all the time looking on, muttering anathemas, and seriously meditating the advisability of seizing and detaining some of our property. His fingers certainly ached for some such excitement; or, as my wife feared, they tingled with a desire to lay violent hold of me. At any rate, he thought better of his purpose, whatever it might have been, and cast the money I had just paid him back to me into the wagon, declaring he should report me right away to the British consul, for running away without paying him his dues. I picked up the money, and walked off to the consul's house; who, after making inquiries, ridiculed the idea of my paying the old priest's exorbitant charges, and, taking my written statement, consented to receive the twenty-five kerans in trust for pay-

ment of all claims against me by this sanctimonious church-builder.

Thanking the consul for the help he had afforded me during our stay in Resht, I hastened back, mounted the dray on top of the luggage, with my family and servant, and started off at a pace commendable to our Bucephalus, and which he kept up the whole of the eight miles to Pir Bazar, — the boat-landing. Here we readily procured a good open boat to take us the fifteen miles to Anzelli, for twelve kerans. We had to be rowed the whole distance, as there was no wind; and certainly our experience with Persian oarsmen was anything but creditable to the nation, who are notedly the reverse of a seafaring people. At the outset we sailed down a narrow, muddy creek, lined, within a few feet of the boat on both sides, with tall bulrushes. This certainly did not favor an extensive prospect. A glimpse here and there of the surroundings beyond indicated nothing but a vast swamp, choked with reeds, and inhabited by numerous water-fowl. Further on, we came into more open water; and from thence gained a view of Anzelli, lying low on a narrow strip of land ahead, forming a sort of breakwater between us and the open Caspian beyond. As we neared the

town, composed of thatched shanties, we noticed a couple of dilapidated hulks, that might have been steamers once, which, we were told in all seriousness, formed the Shah's *navy*. We readily believed the statement, as we probably should not have done had we not just come through Persia. Beyond the navy, some two miles out in the open sea, lay our steamer, tossing at a great rate; while the white-headed breakers around suggested the probability of our not being able to go out and board her,—a circumstance most unfortunate, should it be realized, and such as sorely had tried many travelers before us. These forebodings were not at all allayed by the remarks of our boatmen, who refused to row out into such a sea, pointing excitedly to the sky; which, we noticed now for the first time, was fast filling with black clouds, accompanied with low thunder and flashes of lightning. On reaching Anzelli, not a prepossessing town, we jumped out upon the bank, and asked what was to be done. Those on shore declared it was useless to attempt going outside among the breakers, while those in the boat positively declined to go. Finally, some more daring, half-naked fellows approached from out of the town, pointed to a larger boat lying close by, and offered to take us out in that

to the Russian steamer, if I would give them an buck-heesh double their ordinary charge, amounting to something like ten kerans. I readily consented; and, as we had but little time to lose, transferred ourselves and our luggage to the new boat. Soon we were like a cockle-shell on the choppy waves of the Caspian; and, with all our efforts, were unable to keep ourselves from being knocked about in our seats, and covered with spray, in an alarming manner. The wind, too, as the forerunner of a dark squall, struck us when we had got half-way out; and for a moment I feared we were to pay dearly for thus rashly venturing forth when warned not to do so. Indeed, my wife and child would far rather have exchanged their places for their old seats in the kajaveh, to being thus mercilessly shaken. It was with feelings strained to their utmost that we watched the vessel we were struggling to reach growing slowly more distinct as we gained upon her; and great was our joy when we found ourselves actually mounting the gangway of what proved to be a Clyde-built iron steamer, one of the best on the mail line, and christened the "Constantine," after the Grand Duke, the Czar's brother. We drew a long deep breath of relief, and entered the pretty saloon just as the squall burst, and

the rain fell, dashed in sheets before the fury of the gale. To say that the day had not been ordered for us would have been to deny the existence of a Providence.

We had now left Persia, a truth hard to realize, and were once more in direct steam communication with the rest of the civilized world. And thus closed an experience the like of which, for variety and spice, we can hardly expect to have repeated; and thus ended a journey the success of which is all the more remarkable in that it was safely accomplished with a lady and a young child, unattended by any government escort, and unprotected by the sanctity of some political ægis. There were no passengers on board the steamer, beside ourselves. The officers treated us with all needed attention. But to our surprise, and I almost say disgust, we were far worse off in the matter of language than we had been anywhere in Persia. Every one spoke Russian, and nothing else, unless I except the captain, who, as a Swede, had picked up a few broken sentences of English, while engaged in trade on the coast between California and British Columbia, some four years previous. Besides this, he spoke French. So, by presuming on his good-nature, we managed to make our

wants known, and became adepts in the art of sign-making. The times when we felt most awkward were when ordering our meals, which are furnished "à la carte" on all Russian steamers; being paid for according to each dish required, separately from the passage money, and entirely exclusive of it. Even the bill of fare, gotten up in good style, proved no help to us, as it might have done in almost any other of the Continental languages; for it was printed entirely in the strange Russian characters. To order a soup or a meat dish, and be furnished with a pudding, must be admitted was anything but satisfactory. In paying for our food, I was strongly advised by the Russian consul at Resht to settle the bill at the close of each day, — a practice he always followed, and one we adopted, as it saved a great deal of trouble, and excluded sundry charges for dishes we had never ordered, but which the stewards found highly remunerative to enter into the bills, which they were in the habit of making out by the week or longer periods.

By night our steamer weighed anchor, having given up all attempts to land goods for Anzelli; and soon the jarring of the screw, and the rocking of the vessel, informed us that we were under full speed. Next morning we anchored

opposite Astara, the last town within Persian territory; but the storm raged so persistently that no connection could be made with the shore. This concerned us but little; lying as we were flat upon our backs, dreadfully sea-sick. By night we had entered quieter waters, the wind had ceased, the clouds rapidly cleared away, and we cast anchor within a few yards of the Russian town, Lenkoran, — one of the prettiest landscape pieces, such as would delight the heart of the most fastidious artist. The houses, or rather cottages, with their white paint, looked beautifully neat; the barracks and buildings of the Russian garrison showed a degree of order; and the whole was surrounded with dense forests, backed by mountains of great height, — the entire scene forming a picture which, the captain assured us, was one of the most charming anywhere to be seen on the Caspian. Another twelve hours' sail brought us to Bakku, the most important port next to Astrakhan on this sea, and having without exception the best harbor. The city, numbering about fifty thousand inhabitants, is a large, thriving place, and presents a most unique appearance to the traveler approaching it from the sea. Hardly a tree is in sight; the houses are built up the side of a hill for miles; the country looks

a perfect desert; and the whole reminded us so strongly of interior Persia that we almost feared we had in some way slipped back again into the Shah's domains, with night marches still staring us in the face. Our steamer moved up gracefully alongside of a wooden wharf, and in a few minutes was moored fast in a position commanding a full view of the town, and of the principal street running along the water's edge in front, crowded with immense two-wheel drays, fine, open carriages called droschkies, fast horses, and a mongrel class of people. The planks were no sooner laid from midships to the wharf than we were boarded by the customs officers, who asked to see our passport. This demand, a relic of the dark ages, being satisfactorily complied with, we were at liberty to go ashore; which opportunity we improved to our hearts' content, as the steamer stopped at this port two days.

The first thing that attracted special notice was the size and neatness of the shops; their large show-windows, and well-assorted goods, adapted to all the wants of civilized man. Everything about indicated thrift and an active market. What the trade of the place principally consisted in required no great powers of observation to determine. On every side we

saw and smelt petroleum: the traffic in the streets consisted simply of petroleum; the vessels in the harbor were loading petroleum; no drinking-water could be had without a flavor of petroleum; even the streets had their dust laid with petroleum (refuse); and the very air of the town was steeped in petroleum. So thoroughly impregnated is the ground for miles around with this oil and its gas, that you have only to dig a foot or so into the soil, according to the nature of the locality, throw a lighted match into the hole, and immediately up springs a bright flame, hot and steady, wherewith you can boil water and cook a meal. The springs of petroleum have often been so profuse as to cover the sea for some ways out with a film of oil. This being accidentally set on fire, at times, in a gale of wind, has struck terror to the heart of the people of Bakku. When such a conflagration takes place at night, one can see to read in the streets, while the glare is visible to towns a hundred miles away. In our walks about the streets, our servant Gopal, with his red turban and Indian costume, attracted great attention among the Kourds and Cossacks, who frequently inquired if he was a "Toork" (Turk). The Persians seemed to understand better his belongings, called him a Multani, and declared

he had come to join his brother. I inquired what they meant, and learned, in reply, that one of the "lions" of the place was Surakhani, a temple some ten miles away, which all visitors made a point to see, containing images, that were worshiped. It was lighted by sacred flames, which shot up out of the ground, and for centuries it had been under the faithful guardianship of Multanis. Who the Multanis were I did not at first comprehend; but, finally, it occurred to me that a Multani must be synonymous with Hindustani, or a native of India; that the city of Multan, on the Indus, must have been, in the distant past, an important centre, commercially and politically; and Multani might have been used by the Eastern nations to designate the people from that city itself, as well as those who hailed from portions south of the Indus. We were now very anxious to see what we concluded must be a Hindoo temple in Russia; and especially to interview the Hindoo priest, if such he could be, in charge of the sacred spot, as we should then settle all doubts, and learn how it came to pass that the natives of Hindustan, who have such an antipathy to wandering to any great distance from their own country, were induced to make such an extensive journey, exposed to every kind of

danger, both by sea and land, and finally be willing to erect a temple in such an out-of-the-way place, among people who were perfect strangers to their faith. Still more surprising was it that they should keep up so faithfully the guardianship of their idols, by constant recruits sent from time to time all the way from India, as we were told. These were points that cast an air of improbability about the whole matter, causing it to seem most unlikely, and made us very desirous of solving the mystery. If the pagoda was a fire-temple belonging to the Guebres, such a circumstance would be not at all strange, but would rather be the most natural thing that could happen; and that it is such a temple is distinctly stated in the works of several travelers, who are regarded as authority on matters out here, but who evidently would not know a Hindoo were they to meet him, and to whom a fire-temple and a heathen pagoda were one and the same thing. As much as a century and a half ago, Jonas Hanway mentioned the existence of forty or more Hindoo devotees residing at Bakku. Why, then, we thought, might there not be some descendant of them still living, who would be a curiosity to behold, and whose acquaintance it would be profitable for us to make? Accordingly, in the

afternoon, we hired a fine-looking droschky, with a span of fast, hardy Kalmuck ponies, who took us all about the town for only sixty kopecs (one shilling and eightpence) for the first hour, which is the government regulation. The charge for the next hour is about one-half that of the first. An hour later, we had arranged with our driver to take us in his droschky to Surakhani, and bring us back, for the sum of five roubles (fourteen shillings). In addition to the span of horses we had, a third horse was quickly harnessed abreast of the other two, which we learned was the custom when driving off for some distance. We started from Bakku at a quarter to four o'clock. Our driver was a Cossack, with a tall, black Astrakhan hat on; and, what is more, he was a regular Jehu, as he drove us over the undulating and poorly constructed road, full of ruts and sand, at a ten-mile per-hour rate. We passed through two small villages, and in sight of many oil-factories, which, from the dark smoke they emitted, showed that they were running on full time. The air around was filled with an outrageous odor.

On approaching Surakhani, a place composed chiefly of two large oil-factories, we readily distinguished the Hindoo temple, whitewashed, and

surrounded by a high stone wall, with a large wooden gate for its main entrance. Gopal could hardly contain himself. We got out of the carriage; but found the door locked, and could see no one on the inside. We then walked around into the nearest factory-yard, where we were told that the priest had gone that afternoon to Bakku, and that without him we could not enter the temple. However, by persuasion and the offer of a keran, the key to a small backdoor was forthcoming, by means of which an entrance was easily effected at a point where the walls of the factory and the temple joined. We passed through and out of one of the cells, several of which are built into the high surrounding wall, where the devotees lived. In the centre of this almost circular enclosure, with a diameter averaging about one hundred feet, was the temple proper, — a strong, quadrangular structure, bearing marks of age, but in good repair, surmounted with a dome some thirty to forty feet high. From the dome hung a rope on the inside; and to its end, some three feet from the floor, was fastened, suspended in the air, a good-sized copper bell, just such as is rung by Hindoos in their temples when performing their devotions. Besides the bell, nothing was to be seen, save a metallic tube, which protruded a foot

or two out of the floor, and had some cotton batting stuck into it. This the man who furnished us the key pulled out, and in its place held a lighted match. The result was the same as when one lights a gas-jet. We then were shown into the only cell still occupied. In it we readily recognized articles peculiar to the Hindoos. There were pictures of Gunesh, or Gunputtl, the four-armed elephant god of Siva, and a few other deities. The last were Penates, or household divinities, cut out of small pieces of silver and gilded ware. They were arranged on a small raised altar in the middle of the cell; and about them were gas-jets like the one already described, and which our cicerone lighted, one after the other, whispering audibly that the place we were in was very holy. The man, though a Mohammedan, had evidently witnessed the Hindoo priest in profound earnestness at his prayers; and the darkness of the room, lighted up with flames fed from the spirit world beneath, had impressed him with an awe that characterized his every action. Having noticed all that was to be seen, and satisfied ourselves that, though miles away from India, we had not yet got away from India's gods, we started to return to the city; hoping to find the old priest there, and get out of him something about the temple and its

wonderful history. It was already growing dark. The fires from ignited gas in ditches, dug here and there for burning lime and baking brick, lighted up the sky, and enabled us to realize, to a very exact degree, the appearance of the country when under an extensive illumination, gotten up by the citizens of Bakku to celebrate some festive occasion, or in honor of the visit of some important official to their city. Few, if any, places have such natural resources for an illumination on so grand, yet economical a scale as Bakku; and the idea that we were riding over "gas-works" on a gigantic scale, it must be confessed, suggested thoughts quite peculiar to the time and place. Our John drove back even faster than when we came, breaking the harness twice in his efforts to urge on the horses, regardless of deep ruts and steep banks. We give the palm to Russian steel and Bakku carriages, manufactured, we were told, in St. Petersburg, for withstanding all strain when a Cossack is the driver, and three Kalmuck ponies harnessed abreast are making for home. We were back in the city by seven o'clock; and were just dashing around a corner, before drawing up by our steamer, when the driver suddenly reined in the horses and stopped. We wondered what had happened.

The driver, pointing to a group of men seated on the steps of a liquor shop, informed us that the priest we wanted to see was there. I turned and spoke in Hindustani, asking the man to come to us. The sound of his native tongue startled him; and he stared at us wildly as he approached. When we told him that we had just come from his country, and as a proof showed him Gopal, the man's joy knew no bounds. His story, in brief, was, that he was a native of Lahore. Nearly ten years had elapsed since he left Kurrachi by native craft, in company with two associates, and arrived at Bunder Abbas, after a narrow escape from drowning in a storm. From Bunder Abbas, they came on by hard, exposed marches to Kirman, Yezd, and Teheran, and thence by the same route that we had taken. They were twelve months making their long journey. At Bakku, they found the temple in charge of an old priest, who, on being relieved, returned to India, there to induce others to follow his footsteps, just as his predecessor had secured these three fresh arrivals. One of the associates died after a stay here of a year or two. Shortly after, the other became so homesick that he returned to India, promising straightway to send substitutes in his place. No one as yet had appeared; and the priest,

still a man in the prime of life, was getting very much discouraged. He declared he could not stay any longer a voluntary exile from friends and country, even though he should have to commit the unpardonable sin of leaving the divinities unattended, — a circumstance without a precedent, he said: for no break had yet occurred in the guardianship by Hindoos of the temple since its erection, over eleven hundred years ago, but about which he evidently knew as little as he did about its subsequent history. Further than this, he was rapidly forgetting his mother-tongue, and talking a mixture of Armenian and Turkish: so that, outside of a plain, ordinary conversation, he not only had difficulty in expressing himself, but often failed to complete his Hindustani sentences, making it very hard to understand him. One thing was evident: the man was losing faith in the virtue and efficacy of his Penates, and declared that they were not what they used to be. To prove this, he went on to show how much wealth had been slowly accumulating for ages at his shrine, part of which had come all the way from India; but the rest was the result of offerings from many people not so far away, who, though of a different faith, visited the sacred spot, — partly from curiosity, and partly from a general superstition

in the vague belief that it is wise to appease deity under all forms. This wealth had lately been carried off in the night, by parties who could not be found; and, if the gods could not take care of what was their own, the priest seriously doubted whether they could look after him and his interests, and that of those gone before him. Evidently this idea had made a strong impression upon him; for on the next day, when our steamer was advertised to start, this orthodox Hindoo urged and besought me to take him along as my servant, just as I was doing by Gopal, even at the risk of his losing caste and undoing the accumulated merit which was the direct result of so many years of self-sacrifice and penance. From England he said he would return with Gopal to India. On finding I could not take him, he determined he would abandon the idols to the tender mercies of some Mohammedan friends, and go back the way he had come; declaring this life he was leading to be a humbug!

Before going away from Bakku, I took care to get all my Persian money changed into Russian, paying at the rate of a toman for two roubles and seventy-six kopecs. I also bought a few gold sovereigns, at seven roubles and twenty kopecs each. I was greatly assisted in my

money matters by the kindly advice and help of Mr. Daniels, Assistant Superintendent of the Persian Telegraph; who was returning from England to resume his duties, and who happened to arrive at Bakku the same time we did, on the mail steamer from Astrakhan. The railway line, already in operation between Poti and Tiflis, is being rapidly pushed forward to Bakku. This will connect the Black and Caspian Seas, and form a great outlet for the oil of Bakku; placing it in easy reach of Turkish and Mediterranean markets, and doubtless proving a formidable competitor of American brands.

At noon, on the last day of August, our steamer started with three additional passengers, — a Russian admiral, his son and daughter. The father was taking his children to St. Petersburg to place them there in school. The daughter, who was sixteen years of age, and spoke Russian and French with equal fluency, had picked up a little English, and proved quite an agreeable companion to my wife. The old admiral, evidently a most social gentleman, looked never more disgusted than when he approached us, and felt that the only drawback to a pleasant intercourse on the voyage was simply the difference in our languages.

As we sailed out of Bakku harbor, we passed

many craft and fisheries, all belonging to the sturgeon trade. Great quantities of these long fish are caught in all these waters, from which the government derive a large revenue, and the fishermen a good profit. By nine o'clock the next morning, we cast anchor in front of Deabend, backed by the snowy ranges of the Caucasus. Not far from the town, our captain pointed out the ruins of a massive wall, with towers built into it at regular intervals; and which he stated ran all the way to the Black Sea, and which Alexander built to keep back the savage hordes of the north from entering the sunny valleys of Georgia and Circassia, plundering their peaceful towns.

In two hours we were again under full steam, having taken on board hundreds of little kegs and pine boxes filled with grapes and pears, for Moscow and St. Petersburg. That evening we anchored at Petrovsk, and went ashore. The best thing there is the large public garden, enlivened evenings with merry people and a brass band. A further sail of twenty hours brought us, as we were informed, to Astrakhan, though nothing was in sight, save a few sand-bars, covered with a low shrub. Upon asking where the city was, we were told that it was eighty miles away. Our steamer, however, could go on no

farther; as here, at the mouth of the Volga, the water averages only ten to twelve feet in depth, and what had been a few miles south an exceedingly salty sea, heavy enough to buoy up a man, was now a fresh-water lake, into which our steamer sank a foot or more below her water-line. Before night we were transferred, with a good portion of the cargo, to a large barge moored alongside; while similar loading and unloading operations were going on all about us among scores of every variety of craft, whose masts and hulks, interspersed with lights, gave the appearance towards dusk of a city built out of the water. A powerful tug towed us up the river all night long, past low banks and swamps. Late the next morning we reached Astrakhan, — a large city, with a strong fort and many fine buildings, shops, and streets; in every respect a European city in appearance. Thus we had reached the end of our sea voyage, taking eight long days to accomplish what four would have amply sufficed to do. We were exceedingly fortunate at Astrakhan in finding that the company's best steamboat, also named the Constantine, was the one next in turn to run up the Volga. This river steamer is the only one of its kind, and perhaps the finest in Russia and was but recently built for this river traffic, after

our most approved Mississippi boats; having a double deck, and being furnished with the latest improvements, even to electric bells, and steam-pipes for warming the cabins and saloons.

Our journey up to Nijni Novgorod occupied eight days. We carried many passengers; landing them at the various towns at which we stopped, taking up others in their stead. We were surprised to see the amount of traffic and business activity displayed all along this magnificent highway of commerce; as the Volga proves to be, certainly, second to none in Europe for the facilities it affords navigation. At the outset, the banks were low, and the country on both sides, one monotonous level plain, inhabited principally by Kalmucks, a poor, down-trodden race, who, some three centuries ago, emigrated from China. Their features are Mongolian, and they number now nearly 4,000,000. They live by tilling the soil, raising horses, and fishing. They are nominally under the control of a queen of their own race, who came on board our steamer, dressed in gaudy colors, to see off an important Russian official, appointed by government as a viceroy over all the Kalmucks. He is deeply interested in their welfare, together with his kind, obliging wife, a Swiss lady, who spoke

English with perfect fluency. She was the only English-speaking person, besides ourselves, on board, and took quite a motherly interest in my wife and child. We shall never forget how, on finding that we had trouble about our food, she ordered up the different stewards; abused them roundly in Russian for taking the least advantage of strangers; and then bade the chief steward, under penalties which certainly had an effect upon him, to serve us up dishes according to a regular bill of fare, for a fixed sum!

Our first halt was at Czaritzen, the first point we had yet reached where rail communication existed, placing the city within six days journey of London. Thence, as we steamed up the river, the banks grew higher, the country more fertile and better inhabited, while the temperature of the air grew decidedly chilly. After stopping a few hours at the important cities of Sumara, Saratov, and Kasan, the city of the Tartars, we arrived at Nigni Novgorod on the last day of the great annual fair, a very important occasion, and one which we had been planning and hoping to reach ever since starting out from Teheran. Our first concern was to get to a hotel. What one to go to we did not know, but drove a couple of miles till we reached the railway station, and

there went into the first hotel we sighted. Here we failed to secure rooms, as the proprietor, on learning that we were foreigners and could not speak Russian, besought us, by all the sign language he could command, to get quarters where we should be understood. Taking this to be wise counsel, we drove another mile, and succeeded in getting sheltered in the "Germania," kept by a German, who spoke French, and took pains to please us. By the help of some wealthy Hamburg merchants in the hotel, who had come to attend the fair, and who spoke English, we contrived to get on very well. Our quarters were right in the midst of the fair grounds; and from our windows we could look down upon the surging crowd, bargaining at the top of their voices, in front of the temporary booths, and along the streets, wherever an inch of ground could be secured for exposing produce, and wares of every country and nation,—from English cloth to Chinese tea, from American furs to Siberian wool and "Astrakhans." The scene strongly reminded us of bazars in India. The fair, though near its close, was evidently at its height; for those who had held off for higher rates for their goods were now selling at any and every price, while those who had been going about in

the vain hope of being better suited now eagerly purchased whatever they could find at all adapted to their wants. I was present at one transaction, when a German merchant, acting for an American house, bought fifty thousand roubles' worth of Siberian horse-tails for a Rhode Island hair-factory; the owner of the lot being a large, rubicund, agreeable old Tartar, wearing a coat that completely overshadowed in length and shagginess the biggest ulster worn by a London snob. This coat, like a hundred of others we noticed upon the Tartars, was made up of sheep-skins, with the long wool turned inside next to the skin. And this leads me to say, that one of the most interesting sights was the heterogeneous collection of nationalities in their different costumes; from the French and German to the Guebre and Khivan, representing as heterogeneous a variety of trade, that lent to the busy, noisy throng often a grotesqueness highly entertaining as well as instructive, and such as could be found at no other gathering.

The city of Nijni Novgorod, situated at the so-called terminus of the navigable portion of the Volga, numbers some fifty thousand inhabitants, who are further increased to nearly a million during the progress of this great annual

fair, in the months of July and August. It is held on the ground owned by the Russian government, and on the opposite side of the Volga from the city of Nijni proper. On this ground are erected long rows of substantial sheds, divided off into distinct compartments called "magazines." The sheds run parallel, and a few at right angles to each other, with streets laid out between, and also canals to help the receiving and dispatching of goods. The different nationalities engage their quarters on the fair grounds in rows of buildings, each by themselves, according to the country they hail from: thus, the Persians have their quarters in one place, the Tartars in another, the Armenians in another, and so on. When a merchant desires to open up a trade in connection with the fair, he selects a "magazine," gets the number of his quarters registered against his name by paying the stipulated fee to the government officer in charge, and is then entitled to carry on his business here for the two months that this vast bazar is in session. After all buying and selling ceases, every trader closes up accounts, packs his goods and carries them away, or leaves them, if he chooses, in the magazine he has been occupying. The entire grounds, comprising hotels, shops, boarding

and dwelling-houses, are carefully boarded in by a strong, high fence, and no one allowed inside on any condition till the great occasion comes around again the next year.

From Nijni, twelve hours' ride by rail, through a flat, pine-covered country, brought us to Moscow, the old Russian capital, grandly imposing in its three thousand temples as viewed at sunset from Sparrow Hill; reminding one strongly of Constantinople or Lucknow seen from a distance, the domes and spires of the Russian city bearing a marked resemblance to the mosques and minarets of the Mohammedans. Fifteen hours' further ride on the railroad brings the traveler from Moscow to the present capital, St. Petersburg; a city entirely modern in construction, where the most imposing structure is St. Isaac's Cathedral, whose burnished dome, and pillars of malachite and lapis-lazuli, impress the beholder with astonishment and admiration. At St. Petersburg we took steamer, and, sailing past the great naval depot of Cronstadt, stopped at Helsingsfors and Aboo, in Finland; and finally landed at the capital of Sweden after a four days' delightful passage. Here the palace buildings formed the chief feature of attraction. A twelve hours' ride in the train brought us from

Stockholm to Gottenburg. Thence by the "Orlando," a steamer which we often had seen at Bombay we came over to England, in the midst of an equinoctial gale; landing at Hull, after a three days' passage across the famous, or rather infamous, North Sea, which all but proved to us a watery grave. From Hull we came on to London and Liverpool, and thence across the Atlantic to New York, reaching America in safety on the 25th of October, 1876. We had hardly been in this American metropolis three days, when our little boy, so long habituated to constant travel, very earnestly inquired if it was not time to go on!

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

WITH a view to securing a greater completeness to my foregoing narrative, I subjoin the following table, giving the dates, names of places, time required, and amount expended in connection with our journey from Bombay to New York. The whole trip from India to America was accomplished within five and a half months, and at an expenditure of £265. These figures refer simply to expense for myself and servant, and not for my family; and include the charges incurred at all the stoppages on the way, which often swelled the amount to double the costs of actual travel. I need only add that the estimates made out below are all given in approximate round numbers; and are of such a nature (especially the expenditure column) as to enable the traveler to make his calculations on a reliable basis, seeing the figures are made to include all hotel charges, incidental items in connection with the many breaks we had in our journey, and, in

short, all possible necessary expenses the traveller would be likely to incur: —

Conveyance and Route.	Miles.	Time (including stoppages).	Expenses.
By steamer, Bombay to Bushire,	1,900	14 days	£30
By caravan, Bushire to Resht,	900	3½ mos.	110
By steamer, Resht to Nijni Novgorod,	1,500	14 days	20
By railway, Nijni to St. Petersburg,	600	1½ "	12
By steamer, St. Petersburg to Stockholm,	550	2½ "	10
By railway, Stockholm to Gottenburg,	250	12 hours	6
By steamer, Gottenburg to Hull,	600	2½ days	7
By railway, Hull to London and Liverpool,	400	15 hours	30
By steamer, Liverpool to New York,	3,300	12 days	40
Total,	10,000	5 mos.	£265

Six months later, when returning from America to India, I proceeded by steamer the whole way, via Liverpool, Gibraltar, and the Suez Canal, as follows: —

From New York to Liverpool,	3,300 miles,	10 days,	£25
From Liverpool to Bombay,	6,200 "	27 "	75
	9,500 miles,	37 days,	£100

A still shorter way is the route taken by the mails, and would cost one first-class passenger as follows: —

By steamer, from New York to Liverpool,	10 days,	£25
By railway, from Liverpool (via London and Paris) to Brindisi, Italy,	3 "	15
By steamer, from Brindisi to Alexandria,	3 "	15
By railway, from Alexandria to Suez,	12 hours,	5
By steamer, from Suez to Bombay,	13 days,	50
	29½ days,	£110

Instead of breaking the journey, according to the above table, and incurring hotel charges, the traveler will effect a considerable saving by buying "through tickets," and proceeding the longest distance possible without stopping.

A bachelor acquaintance, who had only himself to care for, and to whom time was of the utmost importance, lately made a rapid journey from Bushire to London and back. In connection with this trip he kindly furnished me the following tables: —

By relays of horses, from Bushire to Reshi,	15 days,	£20
By steamer, from Reshi to Czaritzen,	9 "	7
By railway, from Czaritzen to London,	6 "	17
	30 days.	£54

For his return trip to Bushire we have the following: —

London (via Brindisi) to Alexandria, by rail and steamer,	8 days,	£28
Alexandria to Beirut, by steamer,	2 "	6
Beirut to Damascus, by *diligence*,	1 "	20
Damascus to Bagdad, by camel,	12 "	
Bagdad to Bushire, by steamer,	6 "	12
	29 days.	£66

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW YORK PAPERS.

PERSIA AND RUSSIA.—Chickering Hall was well filled last evening, the occasion being the reading of two papers, under the auspices of the American Geographical Society. Promptly at eight o'clock Mr. Henry Ballantine, a commercial traveler, took his place at the little desk on the platform; and, from the manuscript in front of him, gave an account of his trip through the interior of Persia to St. Petersburg.—*New York Herald, March* 31, 1876.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Mr. Henry Ballantine, a commercial traveler of this city, gave an interesting account last evening, before the Geographical Society, of a remarkable journey on horseback made by himself last summer, with his wife and child, through the interior of Persia, a distance of about a thousand miles. He took this "out-of-the-way" course to go from Bombay to St. Petersburg, and thence home to New York. He left the Persian Gulf at Bushire, and proceeded by the way of Shiraz and the ruins of Persepolis, to Ispahan. Thence he went to Teheran; and, finally, came to the Caspian Sea, at a place called Resht. It required no small amount of courage to undertake such a trip, through such a dangerous region, in a private and unofficial capacity, with a lady in charge, and with no attendants or assistance, except such as the country afforded. Mr. Ballantine accomplished the task with success, though not without some perilous adventures.—*New York Evening Post, March* 31, 1876.

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